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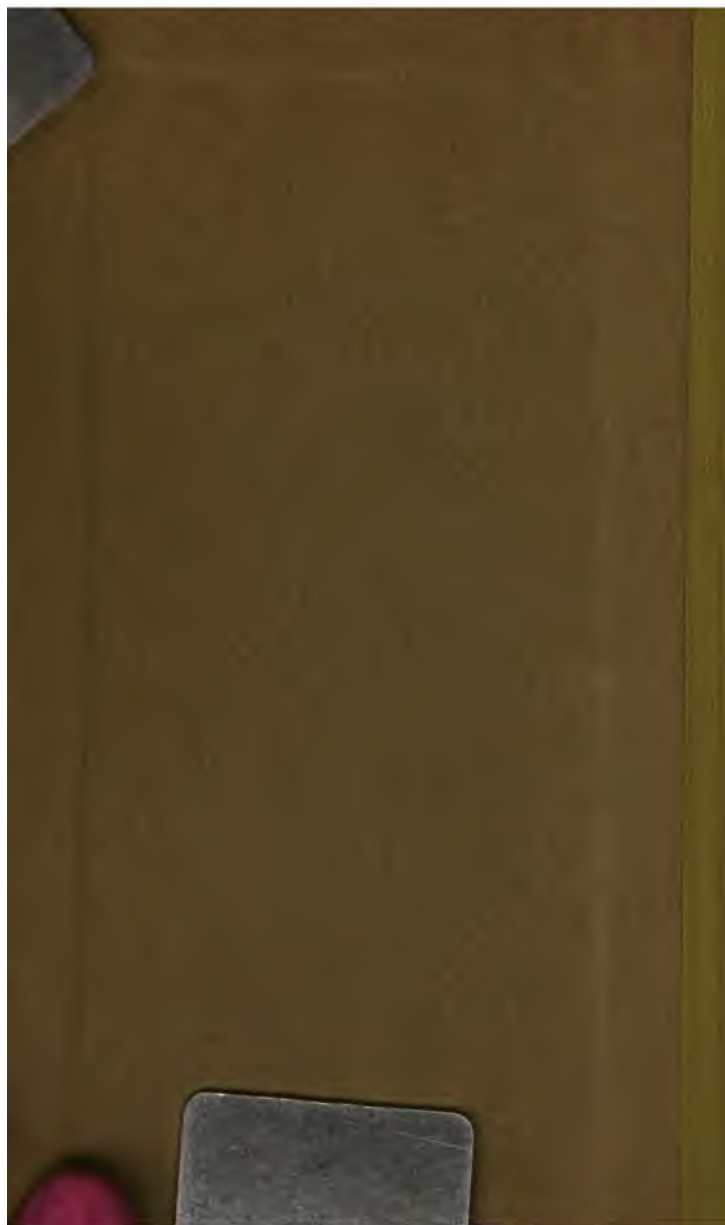
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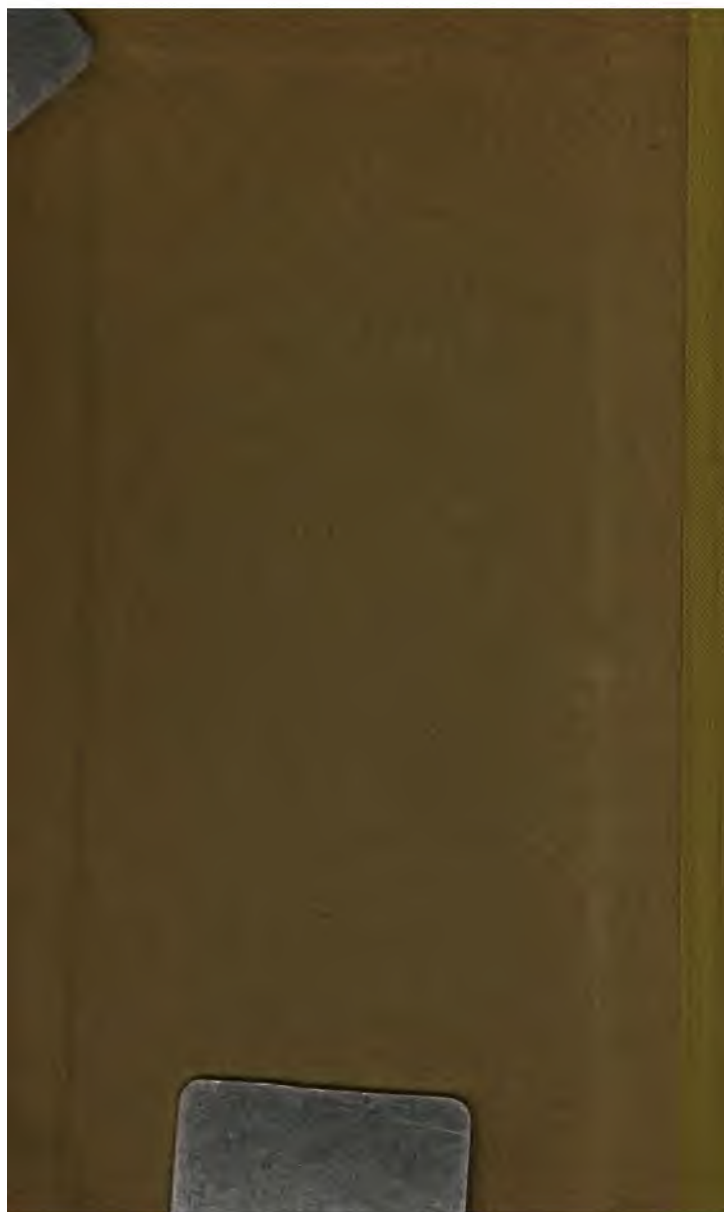
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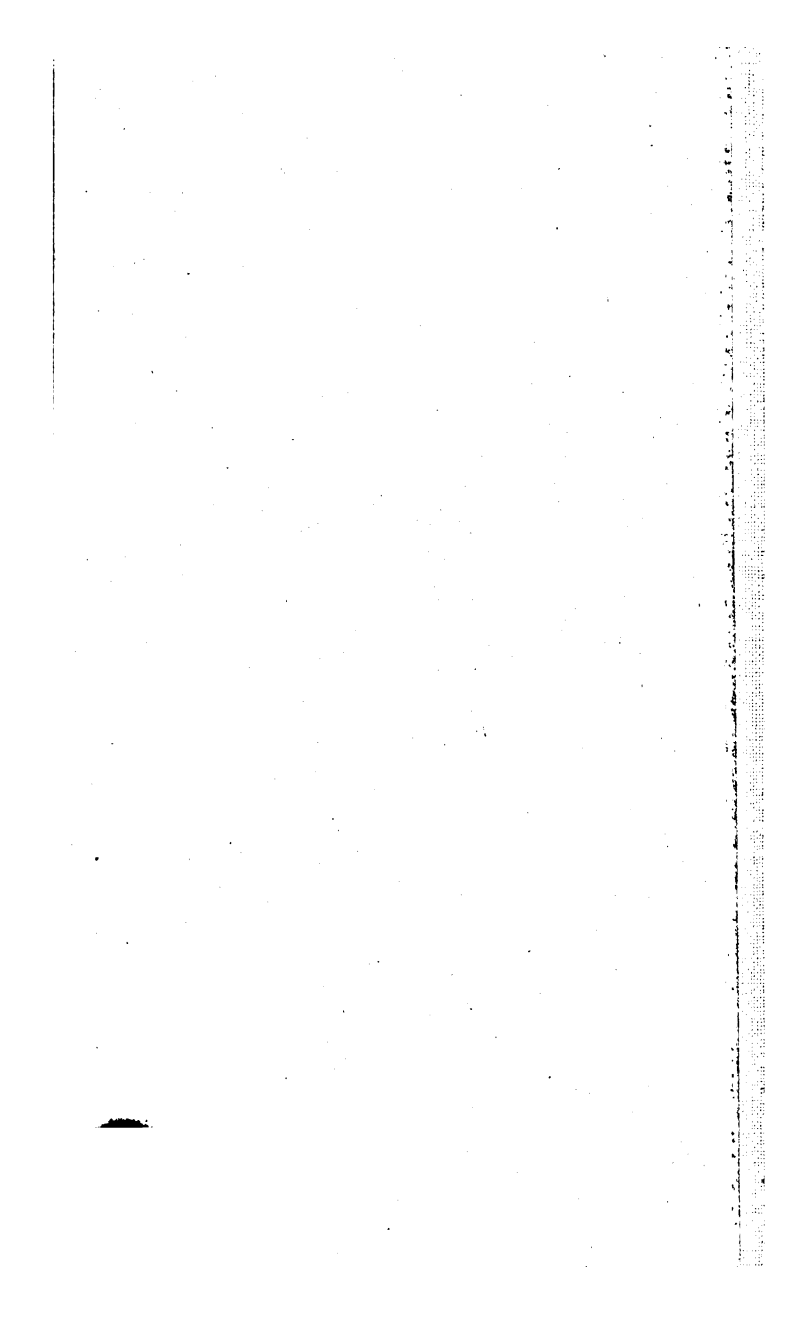
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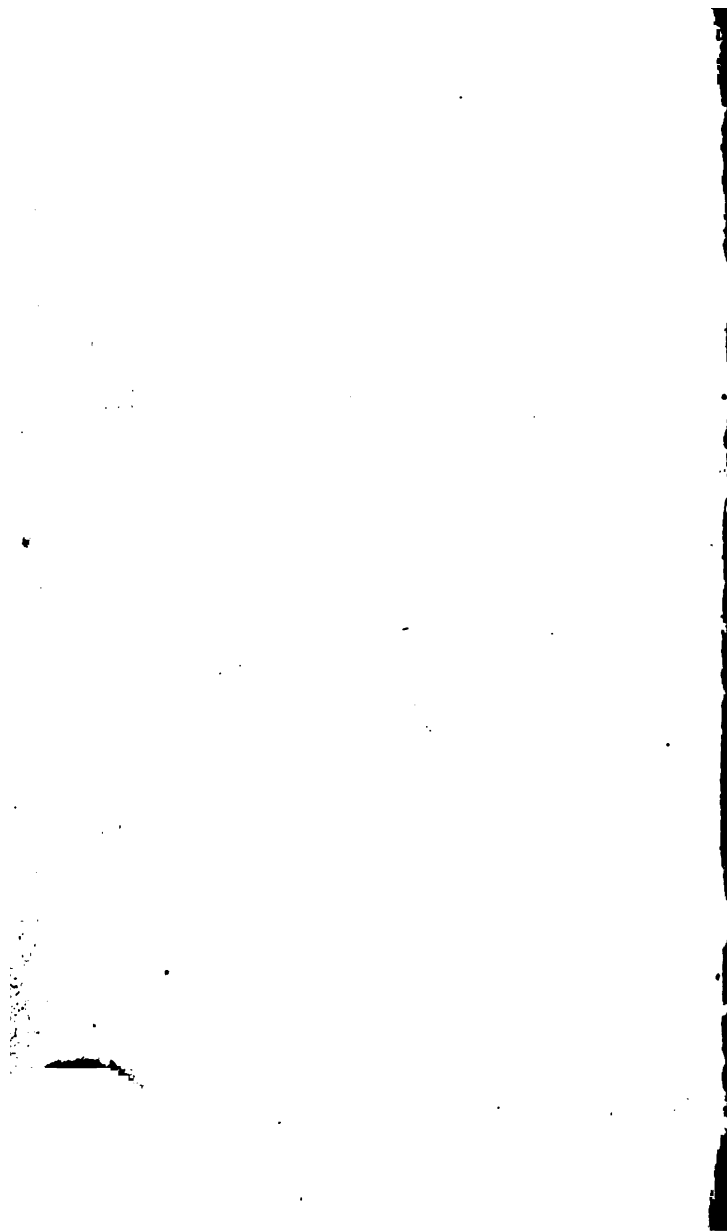








**LAYS AND LYRICS.**



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Charles Gray,





# LAYS AND LYRICS

BY

CHARLES GRAY,

F. A. S. E.



*And so forth.*

John Menzies, Edin<sup>r</sup> Tilt & Bogue, London

1841

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# LAYS AND LYRICS.

BY

CHARLES GRAY,

CAPTAIN, ROYAL MARINES.

F. A. S. E.

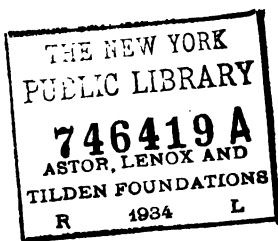


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LONDON; AND D. ROBERTSON, GLASGOW.

MDCCCXLI

DSW



PRINTED BY NEILL AND CO. OLD FISHMARKET, EDINBURGH.

TO  
WILLIAM TENNANT, ESQ.  
PROFESSOR OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES  
IN  
THE UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS;  
AUTHOR OF ANSTER FAIR, &c.  
THIS VOLUME  
IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED  
BY  
HIS FRIEND AND SCHOOLFELLOW,  
CHARLES GRAY.

WEST 20 NOV 34

1

1

## PREFACE.

---

IF at any time it be allowable for an author to speak of himself with complacency, it is surely in a preface. In laying this Volume before the public, it will be observed that the Author has merely complied with the strongly-expressed wish of a number of his much-valued friends, that his lyrical effusions should find "a local habitation," even if they failed in gaining him "a name." He is fully aware that this plea has often been urged before, but never, he believes, in so unquestionable a shape, as will be seen by the fac-simile of a Round-robin addressed to him, and appended to the Volume. It may well be imagined that so flattering a requisition was not to be resisted by one whose fugitive verses

## PREFACE.

---

are scattered over the periodical literature of the three kingdoms, and who has long been a "hobblor round the base of Parnassus ;"—by one whose earliest and most delightful day-dreams were,—that he might occupy a niche, however humble, in the same temple with his celebrated countrymen, RAMSAY, FERGUSON, and BURNS. These juvenile aspirations he still retains in all their fervour and freshness; they cling round his heart like the ivy round the oak, and are as dear to him as ever. Although more than fifty of his songs are now "stamped in everlasting print," the first, the fondest object of his youthful ambition will have been gained, if but one of these shall be found worthy of being classed among the lyrics of his native land.

Whether or not the gentlemen who have subscribed the requisition were right in attaching so much importance to the Author's poetical productions, must be left to the decision of others. One thing, however, is certain,—he

## PREFACE.

---

has been enabled to present his friends with a Volume which, in external appearance, he hopes will not be found unworthy of their acceptance; and in reference to the embellishments, he trusts they will maintain the high character of that department of art for which Scotland is now so justly distinguished. He may remark, also, that Anstruther has been selected as the subject of the Vignette, because it was the birthplace of himself and of the friend to whom the book is dedicated; and that both the Vignette and Frontispiece have been printed from electrotype plates executed by Mr EDWARD PALMER, Newgate Street, London, and are considered admirable specimens of the art.

As this preface is a sort of revelation as well as valediction, it may not be uninteresting to state that, while these sheets were preparing for the press, the Author was placed on the Full-pay Retired List of the Royal Marine Corps, after having, under four Sovereigns,

## PREFACE.

---

served his country for a period exceeding thirty-six years, "*Per mare, per terram.*"

There only remains for him the pleasing duty of tendering his warmest thanks to those excellent friends whose autographs encircle the Round-robin, and without whose encouragement this publication would not have been called into existence.

It may be proper to add, however, that a few pieces which were thought worthy of preservation, have been reprinted from a small Volume of the Author's published in 1811.

11 ARCHIBALD PLACE, EDINBURGH,

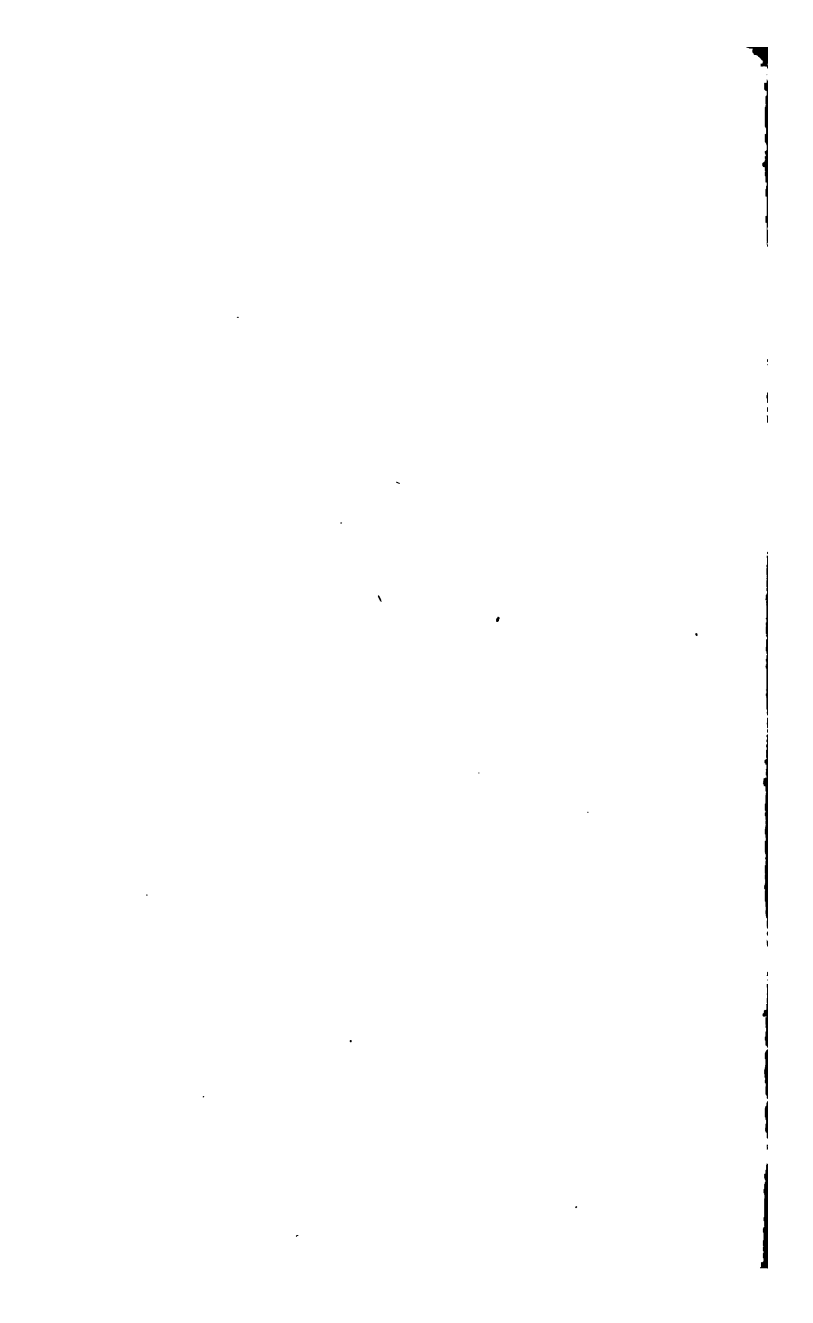
November 1841.





Thomas Gimbert  
 James P. Brown  
 Hedderwick Jun.  
 Robert W. a  
 William Cunningham  
 Joseph  
 Captain  
 DOWNS  
 Sir, We, us  
 this Round Robin.  
 prefer to you our humble  
 part it has been a source  
 us individually to have  
 the effusions of your Liber-  
 tations, which we know, ha  
 than they have done to our sets  
 at a strong desire to see, to  
 volume, to save them from  
 these hard-hearted sons of  
 of our country's history, too  
 much the periodical literat-  
 less of name and fame,  
 justly entitled. We  
 but would affectionate  
 consideration of  
 earnestly enter  
 comply





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## LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

### NATURE.

NATURE, how beautiful ! amid the toil  
And woes of human life, her features cheer !  
Some be that love her for her witching smile,  
And some that woo her lofty looks severe !  
Others there are that deem her doubly dear,  
Deep in the vale of noiseless solitude :  
But O ! what eye would spare the rapturous tear,  
To view her, glorious, in her wilder mood,  
'Mid elemental war, in scenes sublime and rude !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Who that hath stood upon the rock-bound shore,  
And listened to the rage of angry seas,  
But felt the loud, the deep, the incessant roar,  
More soul-ennobling than the whispering breeze,  
That sighs at evening through the leafy trees,  
Or rolls away the lazy mist of morn ;—  
The voice of ocean solitude can please  
When all the gaudes, that Nature's breast adorn,  
Can nought of comfort yield to him of heart forlorn!

Who that hath clomb the mountain's craggy brow,  
While murky clouds strove with the warring wind,  
And seen the electric bolt the oak o'erthrow,  
Yet spare the lambkin with its guardian hind ;  
But felt a glow rush o'er the immortal mind,  
As the loud thunder died upon his ear ;  
Felt, as the creature of another kind,  
Some portion of his God—remote from fear—  
Swell all his rising soul and prompt the starting tear!

Who that hath passed upon the pathless sea,  
When angry winds have blown upon its breast,

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

And roused to wrath its slumbering energy,  
That lay, ere while, like cradled babe at rest ;  
That man hath viewed a scene, the grandest, best,  
Of Nature's true sublime ;—when e'en the brave,  
The dauntless sailor, is with dread oppress'd—  
His bark, a feather, on the mountain wave ;—  
Mute, motionless, he stands, his God alone can save!

WHEN AUTUMN HAS LAID HER SICKLE BY.

MUSIC BY P. M'LEOD, ESQ.

WHEN Autumn has laid her sickle by,  
And the stacks are theekit to haud them dry ;  
And the sapless leaves come down frae the trees,  
And dance about in the fitfu' breeze ;  
And the robin again sits burd-alane,  
And sings his sang on the auld peat stane ;  
When come is the hour o' gloamin grey,  
Oh ! sweet is to 'me the minstrel's lay.

When Winter is driving his cloud on the gale,  
And spairgin about his snaw and his hail,  
And the door is steekit against the blast,  
And the winnocks wi' wedges are firm and fast,  
And the ribs are ryppet, the cannell a-light,  
And the fire on the hearth is bleezin bright,  
And the bicker is reamin wi' pithy brown ale ;  
Oh dear is to me a sang or a tale !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Then I tove awa by the ingle-side, .  
And tell o' the blasts I was wont to bide,  
When the nichts were lang, and the sea ran high,  
And the moon hid her face in the depths of the sky,  
And the mast was strained, and the canvass rent,  
By some demon on message of mischief sent ;  
Oh I bless my stars that at hame I can bide,  
For dear, dear to me is my ain ingle-side !

THE SOCIAL CUP.

AIR—Andro and his cutty gun.

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry are we,  
Blythe are we, ane and a' ;  
Aften hae we cantie been,  
But sic a night we never saw !  
The gloamin saw us a' sit down,  
And meikle mirth has been our fa' ;  
Then let the sang and toast gae roun'  
'Till chanticleer begins to craw !  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Pick and wale o' merry men ;  
What care we tho' the cock may craw,  
We're masters o' the tappit-hen !  
  
The auld kirk bell has chappit twal—  
Wha cares tho' she had chappit twa !  
We're licht o' heart and winna part,  
Tho' time and tide may rin awa !



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Hearts that care can never ding ;  
Then let Time pass—we'll steal his glass,  
And pu' a feather frae his wing !

Now is the witchin time o' nicht,  
When ghaists, they say, are to be seen ;  
And fays dance to the glow-worm's light  
Wi' fairies in their gowns of green.  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Ghaists may tak their midnight stroll ;  
Witches ride on brooms astride,  
While we sit by the witchin bowl !

Tut ! never speir how wears the morn—  
The moon's still blinkin i' the sky,  
And, gif like her we fill our horn,  
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry !  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Blythe out-owre the barley bree ;  
And let me tell, the moon hersel  
Aft dips her toom horn i' the sea !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Then fill us up a social cup,  
And never mind the dapple dawn ;  
Just sit a while, the sun may smile  
And licht us a' across the lawn !  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we ;—  
See ! the sun is keekin ben ;  
Gie Time his glass—for months may pass  
Ere we hae sic a nicht again !

TIME.

Tak tyme in tyme, or tyme be tint,  
For tyme will not remaine;  
Quhat forces fyre out of the flint  
But als hard match againe.

MONTGOMERIE.

WHEN first this warld was set a-spinnin',  
Time, Ostrich-like, began his rinnin',  
His scythe was gleg,—his glass beginnin'  
To shed its sand,  
Ere Eve or Adam yet kent sinnin',  
Or brak command.

A spankin chiel was he, I trow,  
A tuft o' hair hung owre his brow ;  
Ere lang the wavin'-wimpler grew  
A decent hoar-lock ;  
And wise the man that strove to pu'  
Him by the forelock !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Sae saft his noiseless footsteps fa'—  
Light as a shadow on the wa' !  
Man's ear can catch nae sound ava ;  
E'en though you watch him,  
Turn but your back,—the chield's awa !  
And wha can catch him ?

The throwgaun carle ne'er keeks behind him ;  
Nae tether has been found to bind him ;  
The swiftest beagle canna wind him,  
He's sic a rinner ;  
And man, gear-gatherin' man ! will find him  
At last, the winner !

At times, it's true, he slacks the rein,  
Claps on the drag,—disease and pain,—  
Then slowly as a wechtie wain  
He seems to pass us ;  
Let health return,—crack ! crack ! again,  
Awa he dashes !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Ae simmer day, 'mang meadow grass,  
As I sat gamflin wi' my lass,  
At e'en,—I saw the greybeard pass ;  
    I kend his auld pate !  
He leer'd,—and pointed to his glass,  
    And shook his bald pate !

Ne'er was sic pryin pawkie thief ;  
Nae hidling hole frae him is prief ;  
He steals in by,—I say't wi' grief,—  
    Through door and draipery,  
And eats without my Grannie's leif,  
    Her weel-hain'd naipery !

His sweepin scythe maws a' thing down ;  
Sometimes a king, sometimes a clown,—  
Sometimes a tower, sometimes a town,—  
    Yea ! frae its station  
He hurls into the abyss profoun'  
    Some thrawart nation !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

What can resist his ponderous jaw ?  
His teeth sharp as the tiger's claw !  
Kirks, pyramids, he crumbles sma',  
And ere he blin,  
He crams them in his menseless maw,  
Withouten din !

The last waff o' his weary wing,  
This pillar'd earth clean down shall ding;  
Then shall the notes of triumph ring  
Through heaven on hie ;  
O ! cruel Death, where is thy sting ?  
O ! Grave, thy victorie ?

JEAN ANDERSON, MY JO.

WHEN Nature first began, Jean,  
To try her canny hand,  
It's true she first made man, Jean,  
And gae him great command ;  
But naething wad content him, Jean,  
Though king of a' below,  
Till heaven, in pity, sent him, Jean,  
What maist he wished—a jo !

Tho' some may say I'm auld, Jean,  
And say the same o' thee,  
Ne'er fret to hear it tauld, Jean,  
You still look young to me ;  
And weel I mind the day, Jean,  
Your breast was white as snow,  
And waist sae jimp, ane might it span,  
Jean Anderson, my jo !

Our bonnie bairns' bairns, Jean,  
Wi' rapture do I see,  
Come toddlin to the ingle-side,  
Or sit upon my knee ;  
If Happiness e'er quit the skies  
To visit earth below,  
She'll come to man in such a guise,  
Jean Anderson, my jo !

Tho' Time has silvereez'd my pow,  
Sin' we were first acquent,  
And left his wrinkles on my brow,  
He finds us still content :  
And eild ne'er comes alane, Jean,  
But aft brings want and wo ;  
Yet we've nae cause for sic complaint,  
Jean Anderson, my jo !

In innocence we've spent our days,  
And pleasant looks the past,  
Nae anxious thoughts alarm us,  
We're cheerfu' to the last ;



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

When death knocks at our door, Jean,  
And warns us baith to go,  
The lamp o' love shall licht our path,  
Jean Anderson, my jo !

It's now a lang, lang time, Jean,  
Sin' you and I begun  
To sprachel up life's hill, Jean,  
Our race is nearly run ;  
We baith hae done our best, Jean,  
Our sun is wearin' low ;  
Sae let us saftly sink to rest,  
Jean Anderson, my jo !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

VERSES,  
WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF  
YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS,  
ON "LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY."

WHEN Night, upon her ebon throne,  
Her standard has unfurl'd,  
And reigns in rayless majesty  
Far o'er a slumbering world :

If haply, then, oppressed by care,  
Or grief, the bosom's wrung ;  
How soothing to the woe-fraught heart  
The pensive page of Young !

Blest moralist ! thy Life shall live,  
Thy Death shall never die !  
Such strains divine may well ensure  
Thy Immortality !





"The Fleet held on for Salamis."

VERNON SEMPER FLARE UP. (1)

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

CAPT. SIR WM. SYMONDS, R.N.

SURVEYOR OF THE NAVY.

AIR—Ally Croker.

COME lend your ears, my brave compeers,  
And if I'm not too bold, Sirs,  
I'll sing to you a song that's new,  
Although the tune be old, Sirs ;  
'Tis of a gallant man o' war,  
More precious far than diamonds ;  
Marked out for fame, *Vernon* her name,  
And built by Captain Symonds.  
Symonds ! Symonds !  
And built by Captain Symonds !  
Both broad and long,  
And stout and strong,  
And built by Captain Symonds !

B |

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Much has been written, said, and sung,  
To prove this ship a failure;  
From purblind prejudice it sprung,  
For, trust me, she can sail, Sir!  
Whilst Donkies (a) bend to every breeze,  
And Johnny Raws they stare up,  
With grace and ease she walks the seas,  
*Vernon semper flare up!*  
Flare up! flare up!  
*Vernon semper flare up!*  
Stiff as a church,  
She scorns the lurch—  
*Vernon semper flare up!*

While others dread the coming gale,  
And hate to hear it howling,  
Away she flies, through troubled skies,  
Ten knots upon a bowling!  
Harder and harder still it blows—  
And see! the fleet they bear up,  
Whilst like a strong man forth she goes—  
*Vernon semper flare up!*

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Flare up ! flare up !  
*Vernon* semper flare up !  
Through clouds of spray  
She cleaves her way—  
*Vernon* semper flare up !

Off Cape Colonne, or thereabout,  
A south-west wind prevailing,  
The Admiral threw a signal out,  
To try the rate of sailing ;  
Then *Vernon, Portland, Columbine,*  
All hoist their sails with care up,  
And quickly o'er the dark blue brine  
They made a mighty flare up !  
Flare up ! flare up !  
*Vernon* semper flare up !  
A rainbow ray  
Beamed in each spray,  
Made by this mighty flare up !

The *Endymion's* bows were quickly pass'd ;  
Although we bore her no spite,

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Old Boreas, in a surly blast,  
He badly sprung her bowsprit ;  
The *Portland*, too, her topmast sprung,  
No longer kept the wind, Sir ;  
While to the breeze the *Vernon* clung,  
And the cripples left behind, Sir ;  
Behind, Sir ! behind, Sir !  
Swift as the passing wind, Sir !  
Or clouds that fly  
O'er winter's sky—  
The cripples left behind, Sir !

What of the *Columbine*, meanwhile,  
In all this grand to do, Sir ?  
In running round St. George's Isle,  
Her fore-yard went in two, Sir ;  
The fleet held on for Salamis—  
The wind still blowing fair, Sir,  
And *Vernon* was the first, I wis,  
To drop her anchor there, Sir !  
There, Sir ! there, Sir !  
To drop her anchor there, Sir !



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

That day, in speed,  
She did a deed  
That made old sailors stare, Sir !

Thus ends my Log :—a glass of grog,  
To Symonds her projector ;  
Bred in the school of Common Sense,  
If not of Architecture !  
Now let us sing, Long live the King,  
And success to the *Vernon* ;  
In lightest breeze, or stormy seas,  
A rival she can fear none !  
Fear none ! fear none !  
A rival she can fear none !  
Nought floats around  
Sea's utmost bound  
To match the flying *Vernon* !

WILL SHAKSPEARE, IN HIS WITTY PAGE.

AIR—Whistle owre the lave o't.

WILL SHAKSPEARE, in his witty page,  
Declares that ' all the world's a stage,'  
While we as players a' engage  
To—whistle owre the lave o't.  
The Priest, humility will teach—  
To Poverty, contentment preach—  
Place rank and wealth within his reach,  
He—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Doctor, wi' his drap and pill,  
May, as it happens, cure or kill;  
If he contrives his pouch to fill,  
He'll—whistle owre the lave o't.  
The learned Lawyer pawkilie,  
In gown and wig, will press your plea;  
But win or lose, has bagg'd his fee,  
Sae—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Actor, he plays mony a part,  
Wi' comic shrug, or tragic start ;  
To glee, or grief, he bends the heart.

And—whistles owre the lave o't.  
The Fiddler wi' his magic bow  
O'er mortals, too, his spell can throw ;  
And, ' four-and-twenty in a row,'  
Whyles—whistle owre the lave o't.

The Merchant, wi' his high shop rent,  
Will gravely charge you cent. per cent.  
And in your lug some lee will sklent,

Syne—whistle owre the lave o't.  
The Landlord, wi' his beer sae sma',  
Nae final reckonin' fears ava ;  
Instead o' ane he'll score you twa,  
Then—whistle owre the lave o't.

The Soldier, though he drills a' day,  
And right and left maun face away,  
At nicht makes merry wi' his pay,  
And—whistles owre the lave o't.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

The Poet flatters wi' his verse  
Some wealthy fool, to fill his purse ;  
But when the spendthrift's siller's scarce,  
He—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Gangerel, on his timmer pegs,  
Wha, through the day, for aumos begs,  
At nicht will dance on twa guid legs,  
And—whistle owre the lave o't.  
In human life, we thus may see,  
A' wear the mask in some degree ;  
This ane will cheat, that ither lee,  
A'—whistle owre the lave o't.

GENTLE ANN.

AIR—Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

GALLANTS a', beware o' Annie '  
Gallants a', beware o' Annie !  
Love's deep wyle lurks in her smile,  
Her ilka glance is far frae cannie !

I saw her in the magic dance ;  
While light as fay she glided thro' it,  
Frae her black een she cuist a glance,  
And lang and sair my heart will rue it.

Gallants a', beware o' Annie, &c.  
Her raven locks dark clustering hung,  
In ringlets o'er her neck and bosom ;  
Her teeth were orient pearls strung,  
Her lips the rose's openin blossom !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Gallants a', beware o' Annie, &c.  
But O ! what rapture when she sung  
O' some sad lover—lone—despairing ;  
Such touching strains flowed frae her tongue,  
Nae Syren e'er was sae ensnaring :

Gallants a', beware o' Annie, &c.  
O ne'er was breathed sae sweet a lay !  
Still o'er the notes my memory lingers ;  
As swelled the strain—syne died away  
Like harp strings touched by fairy fingers.

Gallants a', beware o' Annie, &c.  
Such was the genty, gentle Ann—  
As, vision bricht, she passed afore me ;  
Love followed fast—that fae to man !  
And cuist his witchin glamour o'er me :

Gallants a', beware o' Annie, &c.  
Since that sweet night nae rest hae I—  
I think, I speak, I dream about her ;  
To win her favour I maun try,  
For O ! I canna live without her !

EPITAPH

ON A SUBALTERN OF MARINES.

HERE lies, exempt from noise and folly,  
One, 'clep'd in sailor phrase—a Jolly ;  
Discharged from ship—of *one* a boaster—  
Struck off from guard and foreign roster ;  
No more on garrison parade,  
His uniform shall be display'd,  
Or trimly dressed, and debonair,  
He'll trip across the barrack square,  
When dinner drum, with welcome sound,  
Has wakened all the echoes round.  
No more, when dawn begins to peep,  
Rough *holy stones* shall ' murder sleep ;'  
Nor boatswain's pipe with shrilly blow  
E'er rouse the inhabitant below !  
Safe landed on a waveless shore,  
His tour of earthly duty o'er.

The muse to modest merit just,  
His deeds would rescue from the dust.

In *War*, when Terror stalked abroad,  
The crimsoned deck he often trode,  
Where rocks and shoals did him environ,  
Fast bound in misery and iron.  
In *Peace*, each morn upon parade,  
He took his usual promenade,  
To all commands obedient still  
He mounted guard, or went to drill,  
Though in his life he ne'er was partial  
To see his name on courts called *Martial*.  
Across his weather-beaten brow,  
Old Time had driven his iron plough ;  
And o'er a scalp, white, thin, and bare,  
His scythe had scarcely left a hair ;  
And ne'er a tooth was in his head  
But what the dentist had supplied !  
A sand-glass—and this withered elf,  
Had passed for father Time himself !—



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Yet still the vet'ran—what a notion !  
Wish'd, hop'd, and pray'd—for what ? PROMOTION !  
One *birthday* went—another came—  
Still Hope played her delusive game ;  
His humble claims were unredressed—  
Promotion came not from the West,  
East, South, nor North ;—*esprit de corps*  
Within his bosom burned no more ;  
Despised—neglected—' there's the rub,'  
He died a poor heart-broken SUB ;  
And left this world in such disdain,  
'Tis doubtful if he'll rise again !

MAGGIE LAUDER.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS. (3)

THE cantie Spring scarce reared her head,  
And Winter yet did blaud her,  
Whan the Ranter cam to Anster fair,  
And speired for Maggie Lauder ;  
A snug wee house in the East Green,  
Its shelter kindly lent her,  
Wi' cantie ingle, clean hearth stane,  
Meg welcomed Rob the Ranter !

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,  
And to the kirk they ranted ;  
He played the auld ' East Nook o' Fife ;'  
And merry Maggie vaunted,  
That *Hab* himsel ne'er played a spring,  
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,  
For he made Anster town to ring—  
And wha's like Rob the Ranter ?

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

For a' the talk and loud reports,  
That ever gaed against her,  
Meg proves a true and carefu' wife,  
As ever was in Anster ;  
And since the marriage knot was tied,  
Rob swears he cou'dna want her  
For he loves Maggie as his life,  
And Meg loves Rob the Ranter.

CAN LOVE WITH ALL ITS CHARMS.

AIR—What ails this heart o' mine.

CAN love, with all its charms,  
Relieve my soul of pain ?  
Now I must quit thy loving arms  
Ne'er, ne'er to meet again !  
Ah no ! a thousand pangs  
My tortured bosom swell ;  
I feel my darkening fate now hangs  
On that dread word—Farewell.

Though I am doomed to go,  
Let not thy heart repine ;  
Nor sink thy soul in fruitless woe,  
Since thou canst ne'er be mine !  
Farewell ! nor think of me ;  
But though I leave this shore,  
My fond, fond heart shall sigh for thee,  
And love thee more and more !

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

IRVINE BURNS' CLUB, 1829.

HAIL BURNS ! my native Bard, sublime ;  
Great master of our Doric rhyme !  
Thy name shall last to latest time,  
    And unborn ages  
Shall listen to the magic chime  
    Of thy enchanting pages !

Scarce had kind Nature given thee birth,  
When, from his caverns in the North,  
Wild Winter sent his tempests forth,  
    The winds propelling—  
To level with its native earth,  
    Thy clay-built, lowly dwelling. (4)

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Too well such storm did indicate  
The gloom that hung upon thy fate ;—  
Arrived at manhood's wished estate,  
    When ills were rife,  
Thy heart would dance with joy elate  
    At elemental strife !

Lone-seated by the roaring flood,  
Or walking by the sheltered wood,  
Rapt in devotion's solemn mood,  
    Thy ardent mind  
Left, whilst with generous thoughts it glowed,  
    This sordid world behind !

Thou found man's sentence was to moil,  
In turning o'er the stubborn soil ;  
But ne'er was learning's midnight oil  
    By thee consumed ;  
Yet humour, fancy, cheered thy toil,  
    Whilst nature round thee bloomed.

Though nurtured in the lowly shed—  
A peasant born—with rustics bred—  
Bright Genius round thy head display'd  
Her beams intense—  
Where Coila found thee—loveliest maid !  
‘ Ben i’ the smeekey spence !’

Mute is the voice of Coila now,  
Who once with laurels decked thy brow ;—  
Still let us ne’er forget that thou  
Taught learned men ;  
The hand that held the pond’rous plough  
Could wield the Poet’s pen !

Upon thine eagle-course I gaze,  
And weep o’er all thy devious ways ;  
Tho’ peer and peasant prized thy lays  
What did it serve ?—  
Grim Av’rice said, ‘ Give lasting bays,  
‘ But let the Poet starve !’

The heartless mandate was obeyed ;—  
Although the holly crowned thy head,  
Yet wealth and power withheld their aid,  
    And hugg'd their gain ;  
While thy loved babes might cry for bread,  
    And cry, alas ! in vain !

But now *thy* column seeks the skies,  
And draws the inquiring stranger's eyes ;—  
Art's mimic boast for thee may rise  
    Magnificent ;—  
Yet thou hast reared, midst bitter sighs,  
    A prouder monument !

Thy songs, 'untaught by rules of art,'  
Came gushing from thy manly heart,  
And claim for thee a high desert ;—  
    In them we find  
What genius only can impart—  
    A mood for every mind !



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

The milkmaid at calm evening's close—

The ploughman starting from repose—

The lover weeping o'er his woes—

The worst of pains !

The soldier as to fight he goes—

All chaunt thy varied strains !

Sweet minstrel, ' of the lowly train,'

' We ne'er shall see thy like again !'

May no rude hand thy laurels stain ;

But o'er thy bier

Let poets breathe the soothing strain

Through each revolving year !

Yes ! future bards shall pour the lay,

To hail with joy thy natal day ;

And round thy head the verdant bay

Shall firm remain,

Till Nature's handiworks decay,

And ' chaos come again !'

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

O I HAE SEEN THE WILD-FLOWERS BLAW. (5)

AIR—The skylark's matin chime.

O I hae seen the wild-flowers blaw,  
And gentle Spring returning ;  
O I hae seen the sere leaves fa',  
And Nature clad in mourning ;  
But then, e'en then, my heart was licht,  
I knew nor care nor sorrow,  
For Fancy painted a' things bricht,  
And Hope smiled on the morrow !

But, waes my heart ! now flowers may blaw  
And fleeting seasons vary—  
I only mark the leaves that fa'  
Around the grave o' Mary !—  
The moaning winds o' Winter rise,  
And on the ear come swelling ;  
And crisp, and cauld, the cranreuch lies  
Upon her lonely dwelling !

THE LASS OF PITTENWEEM.

AIR—Johnny's grey breeks.

THE sun looked through an evening cloud,  
His golden rays glanced o'er the plain;  
The lark upsprung, and caroll'd loud  
Her vesper hymn of sweetest strain.  
Far in the east the rainbow glow'd  
In painted lines of liquid light;  
Now all its vivid colours shew'd—  
Wax'd faint—then vanish'd from the sight!

As forth I walked, in pensive mood,  
Down by yon ancient abbey wall,  
Gay Spring her vesture had renew'd,  
And loud was heard the partridge' call;  
The blackbird's song rang through the wood,  
Rich in the red sun's parting gleam;  
When fair before me, smiling, stood  
The lovely lass of Pittenweem.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

O I have wandered far and wide,  
And ladies seen 'neath brighter skies,  
Where trees shoot up in palmy pride,  
And golden domes and spires arise;—  
But here is one, to my surprise,  
Sweet as a youthful poet's dream;  
With love enthroned in her dark eyes—  
The lovely lass of Pittenweem!

‘ Where dost thou wander, charming maid,  
Now evening's shades begin to fall ?’—  
‘ To view fair Nature's face,’ she said,  
‘ For Nature's charms are free to all !’—  
‘ Speak ever thus in Nature's praise;  
Thou giv'st to me a darling theme;—  
On thee I'll lavish all my lays,  
Thou lovely lass of Pittenweem !’

There is a magic charm in youth,  
By which the heart of age is won;  
That charm is innocence and truth,  
And beauty is its summer sun!

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Long may it shine on that fair face,  
Where rosy health and pleasure beam ;  
Long lend its magic spell to grace  
The lovely lass of Pittenweem.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

O CHARLIE is my darling,  
My darling, my darling ;  
O Charlie is my darling,  
The young Chevalier.

When first his standard caught the eye,  
His pibroch met the ear,  
Our hearts were light, our hopes were high,  
For the young Chevalier.  
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

Then plaided chiefs cam frae afar,  
Nae doubts their bosoms steir ;  
They nobly drew the sword for war  
And the young Chevalier !  
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

But he wha trusts to Fortune's smile,  
Has meikle cause to fear ;  
She blinket blythe but to beguile  
The young Chevalier !  
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

O dark Culloden ! fatal field !  
Fell source o' mony a tear ;  
There Albyn tint her sword and shield,  
And the young Chevalier !  
O Charlie is my darling, &c.

Now Scotland's ' flowers are wede away ;'  
Her forest trees are sere ;  
Her Royal Oak is gane for aye—  
The young Chevalier !  
O Charlie is my darling,  
My darling, my darling ;  
O Charlie is my darling,  
The young Chevalier.

THE BATTLE OF NAVARIN.

To glorious NAVARIN

Let us raise the Poet's lay !

For on ocean ne'er was seen

Such a brave and bold affray,

When the Christian and the Turk battled there ;

There, four nations in their might

Were engaged in deadly fight,

And the Crescent veiled her light

In despair !

The *Asia* led the van—

From her foremast streamed the *Blue*

Of brave CODRINGTON—a man

Of cool courage, tried and true—

While the French and the Russ closed the rear ;

Then, full soon, 'mid fire and smoke,

From the heart of British oak,

Death, in voice of thunder, spoke

To each ear.



Six fire-ships guard the bay,  
And they looked like fiends of hell,  
That would leap upon their prey—

But the *Dartmouth* watched them well;—  
When the Prince of brave *Fellows*(6) gave command,  
For these dogs to clear the way ;  
The haught Turk he answer'd, ' Nay !'  
Then, at once, began the fray—  
Hand to hand.

Our foes were three to one,  
And they moored in crescent lay ;  
But before the day was done  
All was havoc and dismay ;—  
In vain was every effort of the brave !  
Red ruin o'er them pass'd,  
Like the desert's deadly blast,  
And their ships no shadow cast  
O'er the wave !

Vain, vain may words essay  
To illustrate the fight ;—

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Lo ! the darkness shone like day,  
And the sea-mew fled in fright,  
As Egyptian and Turk blew on high  
With a red portentous glare,  
Like a comet in the air,  
When it shakes its dreadful hair  
O'er the sky !

Lamented Bathurst<sup>(7)</sup> fell,  
The kind father of his crew ;  
And brave George Augustus Bell<sup>(8)</sup>  
Gained the bloody laurel too ;—  
The rest shall grace our history's bright page ;  
There, each name shall be enroll'd,  
By a pen of burnish'd gold,  
With the hero, famed of old,  
And the sage !

THE BLACK-EED LASSIE.

Ans—My only jo and dearie, O.

Wi' heart sincere, I love thee, Bell—

But dinna ye be saucy, O,

Or a' my love I winna tell

To thee, my black-eed lassie, O :

Its no thy cheek o' rosy hue,

Its no thy little cherry mou,

Its a' because thy heart's sae true,

My bonnie black-eed lassie, O !

Its no the witch-glance o' thy ee,

Tho' few for that surpass ye, O,

That maks ye ay sae dear to me,

My bonnie black-eed lassie, O !

Its no the whiteness o' thy skin,

Its no love's dimple on thy chin ;—

Its a' thy modest worth within,

My bonnie black-eed lassie, O !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Ye smile sae sweet, ye look sae kind,  
That a' wish to caress ye, O ;  
But O ! how I admire thy mind,  
My bonnie black-ee'd lassie, O !  
I've seen thy een, like crystal clear,  
Shine dimly thro' saft Pity's tear—  
These are the charms that mak thee dear,  
To me, my black-ee'd lassie, O !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

A STRAMASH AMONG THE STARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

IRVINE BURNS' CLUB, 1880.

O, he knows the Stars;  
He'll tickle you Charles's Wain in nine Degrees.  
OLD PLAY.

THIS day, as our own, we claim it, lads;  
And a Scot should be proud to name it, lads;  
For ye ken wha was born,  
On this Januar' morn,  
And Fame to the last shall proclaim it, lads.  
While Poortith licked the ladle, lads,  
And Labour thro' dubs did paidle, lads,  
With a sweet lullaby,  
And the tear in her eye,  
Fair Coila sat rockin his cradle, lads.

D

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

O could blew the blast owre that dwelling, lads,  
Where the bud o' young Genius was swelling, lads;  
Still, Fancy wad throw  
Her warmest glow  
O'er the witch-tale his fond nurse was telling, lads.  
Let minstrels wake the morn, my lads,  
On which our Bard was born, my lads;  
For song and mirth  
Should hail his birth,  
And the laurel his brows adorn, my lads.

Fill high, fill high your glasses, lads;  
Let BURNS be the spell as it passes, lads;  
While on wings of rhyme  
We soar sublime  
High o'er the bare peaks o' Parnassus, lads!  
Then afar we'll bend our flight, my lads,  
To a spot ever sunny and bright, my lads;  
There, we'll rove among  
The gardens of song,  
And list to his lays wi' delight, my lads!

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Then away we'll a' be speeling, lads,  
Till of heaven we reach the ceiling, lads ;  
    O we'll dance in the moon,  
    To some auld Scots tune,  
While the planets around us are reeling, lads !  
We'll hound the *Dog* at the *Lion*, lads,  
And follow the chase wi' *Orion*, lads ;  
    And at night we'll regale,  
    On the *Scorpion's* tail,  
While the *Fishes* for supper are fryin, lads !

When wi' *Venus* we've danced a measure, lads,  
O' the *Bull* and the *Ram* we'll make seizure, lads ;  
    And yoking the twain  
    In *Charlie's Wain*,  
Come jogging awa at our leisure, lads.——

. . . . .  
'Twas glorious to see us mountin', lads ;  
And the stars our companions countin', lads ;  
    Now we're landed again,  
    Inspiration we'll drain  
At mair than the *Muses'* fountain, lads.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

O leeze me on love and liquor, lads,  
For they baith mak the blood bound quicker, lads,  
And the Bard wha was born  
On this Januar' morn,  
Like us, took a waught o' the bicker, lads !  
Then join me in a lay, my lads,  
To hail his natal day, my lads ;  
For the tones of his lyre  
Shall never expire  
Till feeling, and fancy decay, my lads !



THE VENETIAN GOLD CHAIN.

AIM—I wish my love were in a mire.

COULD I a cunning workman find  
With links like these thy heart to bind,  
It never more should wander free,  
But live a willing slave with me !  
Ah ! no—for, cast in honour's mould,  
Thy heart disdains a chain of gold ;  
Resolved no tyrant's power to prove,  
But live a slave alone to love !

These links, tho' wrought with nicest art,  
Can ne'er secure a roving heart ;  
Love's magic chain, so light and fine,  
Alone can make the wanderer mine !  
Thy fetters, Love, can firmly bind,  
Though viewless as the passing wind :—  
Then, Cupid, drop thy bow and dart—  
Enchain, but wound not, Jessie's heart !

FAIR FA' THE LASSES.

AIR—Green grow the rashes.

FAIR fa' the lasses, O !

Fair fa' the lasses, O !

May dool and care still be his share,

Wha doesna lo'e the lasses, O !

Pale Poverty and girnin Care,

How lang will ye harass us, O ?

Yet light's the load we hae to bear,

If lessened by the lasses, O !

Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

The rich may sneer as they gae by,

Or scornfully may pass us, O ;

Their better lot we'll ne'er envy,

But live and love the lasses, O !

Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

Why should we ever sigh for wealth ?

Sic thochts should never fash us, O ;

A fig for pelf, when blest wi' health,

Content, and bonnie lasses, O !

Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

The ancient bards, to shaw their skill,

Placed Muses on Parnassus, O,

But let them fable as they will,

My Muses are the lasses, O !

Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

The toper cries, the joy o' wine

A' ither joys surpasses, O ;

But he ne'er kent the bliss divine,

That I hae wi' the lasses, O !

Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

When I am wi' the chosen few,

The time fu' quickly passes, O ;

But days are hours, and less, I trow,

When I am wi' the lasses, O !

Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

When joys abound, then let a round  
Of overflowing glasses, O,  
Gae brisk about, and clean drunk out,  
The toast be—' Bonnie lasses,' O !

Fair fa' the lasses, O !  
Auld Scotland's bonnie lasses, O !  
May dool and care still be his share,  
Wha winna toast the lasses, O !

SPRING—A FRAGMENT.

Redolent of spring.  
GRAY.

THE lark adventurous tries her wing,  
    Though wintry clouds usurp the sky,  
And carols to the infant Spring,  
    Her sweet, her short-lived melody ;

But soon she seeks the furrow's fold,  
    Her dripping pinions there to screen ;  
For April showers are sharp and cold,  
    Though gleams of sunshine *glint* between.

The blackbird pours his matin lay,  
    And music wakes the grove again ;  
The *navis* at the close of day  
    Trills softly sweet her vesper strain.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Young Spring broke loose from warm parterre,  
Now scatters verdure o'er the land ;  
A mountain daisy gems her hair—  
A primrose pale adorns her hand.

The crocus dies beneath her foot,  
While daffodils are round her growing ;  
The wandering cuckoo yet is mute,  
For chill the eastern breeze is blowing.

But O, her infant smiles are sweet  
At noontide, when the air is calm ;  
Where early bees, with busy feet,  
Buzz round and seek the silver palm.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

NORTHESK ON THE LEE.

MUSIC BY P. McLEOD, ESQ.

INSCRIBED TO JAMES CARNEGIE, ESQ.

OF NORTHESK, CORK.

How blythe we twa hae been  
At Northesk on the Lee,  
Tho' ne'er a leaf was green,  
Nor bird sang on the tree.  
Waes me ! I maist could greet—  
Between us rolls the main ;  
Oh, when shall we twa meet  
At sweet Northesk again !

O'er last Saint Andrew's day—  
Revered by Scotsmen true ;  
Fond memory sheds her ray,—  
That day I dined wi' you ;

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

You sat in tartan trews,  
A braid sword at your knee ;  
While sweetly smiled your spouse  
At Northesk on the Lee.

The haggis was pipin het,  
And prime the barley bree ;  
O ! we were snugly set,  
As honest men should be.  
For hours we scorned to rise,  
Our hearts ran o'er wi' glee ;  
Tho' some might be mair wise,  
Nane were sae blythe as we !

The sang and toast gaed round,  
Wi' '*vive la compaignie* ;'  
Care started at the sound,  
And Sorrow dried her ee.  
Yet some may hint a faut,—  
But why the truth conceal ?  
That merry nicht the maut  
A wee thought drown'd the meal !



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Fair fa' thee, sweet Northesk !  
And a' the inmates there ;  
Through life I wadna ask  
For friends mair firm and fair !  
Time ! ply thy wings sae fleet—  
Winds ! waft me o'er the main—  
That soon we twa may meet  
At dear Northesk again !

*Malta, 1835.*

LOUISA'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Am—Pinkie House.

LOUISA's but a lassie yet,  
Her age is no twice nine ;  
She lang has been her mammie's pet—  
I wish that she were mine !  
She's licht o' heart, and licht o' foot—  
She's blythe as blythe can be ;  
She's dear to a' her friends about,  
But dearer far to me !

A fairer face I may hae seen,  
And passed it lichtly by ;—  
Louisa's in her tartan sheen,  
Has fixed my wandering eye :  
A thousand beauties there I trace,  
That ithers canna see ;  
My blessings on that bonnie face—  
She's a' the world to me !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Oh, Love has wiles at his command !  
    Whene'er we chance to meet,  
The slightest pressure o' her hand  
    Maks my fond bosom beat ;  
I hear the throbbing o' my heart  
    While nought but her I see ;—  
When shall I meet, nae mair to part,  
    Louisa, dear, wi' thee ?

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS YET

' A FIRST LIEUTENANT OF MARINES.'

ALAS ! for the *Subs* that must traverse the ocean,  
And mount step by step the scale of promotion ;  
The steps are so distant, the ladder so high,  
The top, like old Jacob's, is lost in the sky !  
This doctrine is true, tho' few venture to teach it,  
In heaven, alone, will the most of them reach it !

HOLY STONES.<sup>(9)</sup>

THOSE holy stones—those holy stones—  
Full well I know their horrid tones ;  
For o'er my head in life's young morn,  
My ears were by their discord torn !

Those hours have passed—how swift !—away,  
And many a heart that then was gay,  
Now darkly dwells with Davy Jones,  
And hears no more those holy stones !

And so 'twill be when I am gone,  
Those horrid stones will still rub on,  
And jolly tars, in surly tones,  
Blast buckets, brooms, and holy stones !

When with the peep of early dawn,  
Along the deck they're rudely drawn,  
Who, undisturbed, can lie and hear  
Such grating sounds assail his ear ?

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

O then they come on our hours of rest,  
Like the nightmare on a sick man's breast,  
And the spirit of dreams in a moment flies,  
As we wake to this world's realities !

Sure every stage of this mortal life,  
With petty miseries is rife ;  
But toothach—headach—a sick man's groans,  
Are nought to the rubbing of holy stones !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO A POETICAL FRIEND,

RESIDING IN THE VICINITY OF NEWHAVEN.

O I'LL ay mind yestreen,  
And sae merry's I've been  
Wi' friends that I met in your ha', man ;  
Till memory retreat,  
And sense leave her seat,  
And the last sough o' life flee awa, man !

Your drink it was good,  
And sae was the food,  
And quickly we stowed it awa, man ;  
But swats, I'll be boun',  
Gang far faster down  
Than ought that is fed in the sta', man.

This morn i' my mouth  
Was a sma' dust o' drouth,  
But I had na a headach awa, man ;

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Of soda nae bottle  
Gaed fizz down my throttle,  
To clear the mouse-wabs frae my craw, man !

O I'll ay mind the night—  
The een sparklin bright—  
The music that rang thro' your ha', man—  
Your ain comely dame—  
The twa lasses at hame,  
And laddie, that's just gaun awa, man.

How, for story and joke  
Ilk ane loosed his pock,  
And drew his spoon out o' the wa', man ;  
For the grist frae our mill,  
Was mirth and guid will.  
That rushed, like a river, awa, man !

Sae we sat and we sang,  
For I ken na how lang ;  
The clock chappit ane, and syne twa, man ;  
While the moon shinin high,  
Glowred down frae the sky,  
And cried, ' are ye no gaun awa, man ?'



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE

BACKWARDNESS OF SPRING 1837.

BREATHE upon Nature's chilly breast,  
Ye gentle zephyrs of the west ;  
Blow, and revive the dreary plain ;  
Bid flower and foliage live again :  
As yet no daisy decks the lea,  
Nor bud bursts on the hawthorn tree ;  
While, nipt in early youth, the lamb  
Lies dead beside the bleating dam !  
The sky-lark, herald of the spring,  
In vain essays his fluttering wing ;  
For, as he tries the ambient air,  
Snow-cloud on snow-cloud meets him there !  
O ! Nature's breast is cold and chill,  
For Winter lingers on the hill,  
His snowy mantle round him holds,  
And slowly gathers up its folds !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

When will he seek the iron North,  
And the pale primrose venture forth?  
Sad April leaves us with a sigh,  
The tear congealed within her eye;  
And Maia comes with sun and showers—  
Maia! the mother of sweet flowers;  
She comes to bid the woods rejoice,  
For scarce a warbler lifts his voice;  
She seeks the garden's gay parterre,  
And finds a pallid snowdrop there!

THE PUNCH BOWL.<sup>(10)</sup>

AIR—Auld Lang Syne.

WELCOME thou huge capacious bowl  
From o'er the boundless sea ;  
And blest the sweet Chinese's soul,  
That made and modell'd thee!  
Brimful thou stand'st—a depth profound—  
An ocean in expanse,  
In which the moon and stars around  
Might see themselves at once !

Doubtless, frae bickers big, the men  
Wha lived afore the flood,  
Were wont their mighty draughts to drain,  
And souk their liquor good :  
But ne'er a son of Anak's race,  
Though drouthy past control,  
Was fit to fauld in his embrace,  
Or drain thee—giant bowl !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Some bards have made a mighty fuss,  
And many a stanza penn'd,  
To prove the sum of human bliss,  
‘ A bottle and a friend !’  
But though I love the flow of soul,  
And come at friendship’s call ;  
O give me but this ample bowl,  
I’ll spurn at bottles all !

Had Bacchus lived—that jolly god,  
So famed for wine and glee ;  
He would have left his high abode,  
This bowl of bowls to see !  
Say, what are tumblers ? what are jugs ?  
They tempt not me to sing,  
Ye poets come, and ‘ lay your lugs  
In mair than Pindus’ spring !’

I’ve lived—but never hoped to see—  
Though I’ve been blythe and boon—  
‘ A bowl of punch that like a sea  
Could soom a lang dragoon !’

Then hence with every paltry glass,

And crystal goblets bring,

While each man drinks his friend, his lass,

His country, and his King !

While here we stand in marshall'd ranks,

One cup, with three times three ;

One brimming cup of heartfelt thanks

To SANDY o'er the sea !

Where'er he roam—howe'er remote—

To Indus, or the Pole ;

CORSTORPHINE's name be 't ne'er forgot

Beside this flowing bowl !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO DECLINED TO BE INTRODUCED TO THE AUTHOR

BECAUSE HE WROTE VERSES.

The hand is harmless when the tongue can rhyme.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Your words, fair lady, give me pain—  
Why dread the Poet's simple strain ?  
Deem not his harmless lays disgrace,  
If he in verse should try to trace,  
On face so lovely, young, and fair,  
The lines that live in beauty there.  
Your 'wee bit mou sae sweet and bonnie,'  
A lovelier never saw I onie ;  
(Except perhaps—'twere vain to tell  
The name of one that loved me well ;  
To dream of bliss, long since gone by,  
That mocks the heart, and prompts the sigh ;)

Ripe ruby lips—may heaven bless them !  
Might tempt an anchorite to kiss them !  
Where pearly teeth themselves disclose,  
Mocking the lily and the rose.  
Two pretty eyes, that well might pass  
For Cupid's own bright looking-glass ;  
Nay, on my conscience, I declare  
Young Love himself seems dwelling there,  
Or sports among thy raven hair !  
A bust, so formed by Nature's hand,  
No sculptor could the like command :—  
In vain may Art with Nature vie  
In beauty, or in symmetry !—  
Where'er you walk—tho' crowds surround you,  
The light of beauty shines around you,  
Tempting the idle world to gaze  
On woman's winning witching ways ;  
While modesty, as with a veil,  
Enshrines the maid my Muse would hail !

Then tolerate the minstrel's strain,  
Nor deem his lays as light, as vain ;

The poet's pen, by you abhorred,  
 Is greater than the victor's sword.  
 The warrior who a name may gain,  
 Lives in the bard's immortal strain ;  
 The beauty that adorns a face—  
 The female form—the matchless grace,  
 Would leave on earth no lasting trace ;  
 And e'en the painter's bright display,  
 With lapse of years would fade away ;  
 And the proud sculptor's work sublime,  
 Crumble beneath the foot of Time ;  
 Unless the minstrel's high acclaim,  
 Bade write them in the rolls of Fame !  
 As erst round Sappho's ' burning brow'  
 Bloomed the green bay, so blooms it now ;  
 And Laura's name in Petrarch's page  
 Shall live through every future age ;  
 And Saccharissa—maid divine !  
 Still smile in Waller's liquid line ;—  
 And yours, Eliza ! live in mine.  
 Such honours to the Muse belong—  
 Such is the power of poet's song !



Then shun not him whose humble lays,  
 Were ever tuned to woman's praise ;  
 For there is that in woman's glance,  
 Can lap the soul in sweet romance ;  
 And e'en when youth has passed away  
 Sheds o'er man's heart a cheering ray !—  
 Time was, I felt Love's sacred flame,  
 And ' owned the magic of a name ;'  
 Seven years I worshipped at his shrine  
 Before I called the idol mine ;—  
 Fair was her hair, her eyes were blue—  
 So soft, that heaven seemed looking through,—  
 And we enjoyed what young hearts prove,  
 We sighed—but never talked of love !  
 Long ere her brother joined our hands  
 Our hearts were knit in love's soft bands :  
 She loved me, from her bosom's core,—  
 And man ne'er loved a woman more !  
 But soon from earth she passed away  
 To regions of eternal day ;  
 And I am left in life's rude throng  
 To soothe my way with rhyme and song ;

Nor shall I deem the labour vain,  
To follow in the muses' train,  
If I can while with song away  
The gloom that shrouds my wintry day.

Then fear not, lady, that my strain,  
Should give your gentle bosom pain;—  
Long have I strung my homely lays  
To woman's love, and beauty's praise;  
And trust my self-rewarding toil  
May claim the 'tribute of a smile.'  
Rude, unconnected are my themes—  
Disjointed as our morning dreams;  
And small, if any, is my claim  
To minstrel, or to poet's name.  
To love, alone, I owe each lay,  
In life's untutored early day;  
And who by love and fancy fired,  
But felt, or feigned himself inspired?

**FAREWELL! YE SCENES TO ME SAE DEAR.**

AIR—Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.

FAREWELL! ye scenes to me sae dear,  
Where aft I strayed in early youth,  
Ere yet this breast knew ought o' care,  
When a' was innocence and truth;  
As distance dims you frae my gaze,  
I tak a lang, a last adieu;  
And think on a' my artless ways,  
Whan life, and love, and hope, were new!

I sigh to leave ilk favourite scene,  
Endeared to me by mony a tie;  
The bonnie burn and washin green  
Where aft I frolic'd whan a boy!  
But oh! wi' Jessie thus to part,  
What troubled thochts distract my mind!  
For love to her has bound my heart,  
As fast as fervent vows can bind.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Aft on yon burnie's braes I've strayed,  
Where willows wave beside the stream ;  
And there aft met my dearest maid,  
And spent the hour in love's fond dream !  
There, as the sun declined, we lay,  
And curious watched the unwary fly,  
And aft the trout wad seize its prey,  
And aft the tear bedewed her eye.

Now far to foreign climes I go,  
And leave the burn and washin green ;  
Nae mair to meet where willows grow,  
Tho' fancy lang will haunt the scene ;  
Yet aft I'll picture Jessie there,  
Slow wandering by the burnie's side,  
And hear the sigh that's lost in air,  
And see the tear fa' in the tide !

THE HARP OF THE TROUBADOUR.

MUSIC BY PETER M'LEOD, ESQ.

THE lays are lost of the olden time,  
When with harp in his joyous hand,  
The Troubadour, with merry chime,  
Would roam from land to land;  
His strains were prized in the princely hall,  
And loved at the cottage door;—  
The world his home—for dear to all  
Was the harp of the Troubadour.

His boon, a cup of the ruby wine,  
From the hand of some ladye fair,  
Whose knight had fought in Palestine,  
With brand and bosom bare.  
Of war's stern deeds he loved to sing;  
When the battle's din was o'er,  
The clash and clang of arms would ring  
From the harp of the Troubadour.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

When gentler moods his mind would move,  
How sweet were the notes he played,  
Soft as the whispered vows of love,  
From the lips of village maid ;  
And many a maiden's eye beam'd bright,  
Tho' her heart was sad before,  
When tripping to some measure light,  
From the harp of the Troubadour.

GRIM WINTER WAS HOWLIN.

AIR—Bonnie Dundee.

GRIM winter was howlin owre muir and owre mountain,  
And bleak blew the wind on the wild stormy sea ;  
The cauld frost had locked up ilk riv'let and fountain,  
As I took the dreich road that leads north to Dundee.  
Tho' a' round was dreary, my heart was fu' cheery,  
And cantie I sung as the bird on the tree ;  
For, whan the heart's light, the feet winna soon weary,  
Tho' ane shou'd gang farther than bonnie Dundee !

Arrived at the banks o' sweet Tay's flowin' river,  
I looked, as it rapidly rowed to the sea ;  
And fancy, whase fond dream still pleases us ever,  
Beguiled the lone passage to bonnie Dundee.  
There, glowrin about—I saw in his station,  
Ilk bodie as eydent as mid-summer bee ;  
When fair stood, a mark on the face o' creation—  
The lovely young Peggy, the pride o' Dundee !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

O, ay since the time I first saw this sweet lassie,  
I'm listless, I'm restless, wharever I be ;  
I'm dowie, and donnart, and aften ea'd saucy,  
They ken na—its a' for the lass o' Dundee !  
O lang may her guardians be Virtue and Honour ;  
Tho' anither may wed her, yet weel may she be ;  
And blessin's in plenty be shower'd down upon her—  
The lovely young Peggy, the pride o' Dundee !



A SKETCH OFF CAPE DE GATT,

IN ENGLISH SAPPHICS.

Off cape De Gatt,  
I lost my hat.—SAILOR'S RHYME.

All on board of a man o' war.—SEA SONG.

'Tis night—and the lady-moon walks in her mantle  
Of dun clouds ;—no star shines in the firmament ;  
Darkness has spread her wings—while far to leeward  
Gleams the red lightning !

See ! it approaches fast, dazzling the eye-sight ;  
Clouds, in commotion, fly diverse around us ;—  
Broad fall the rain drops—whilst on the startled ear  
Bursts the loud thunder !

Seek we the ward-room, illumined by lamp-light,  
Marking with lynx-eye what passes before us ;—  
Here *Subs*, without substance, void of all cumber,  
Lumber the lockers !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

One, upon four chairs stretches his length out ;  
Two in a corner sit rattling the dice box—  
Sathan's invention !—a fourth in his folly  
Whistles a psalm-tune !

Three Luffs, in jackets blue, keenly are betting—  
Done ! distance ! dollars ! in one shout are mingled ;—  
A fourth, on the benches, unconscious of clamour,  
Lies loudly snoring !

Four at a table sit, covered with green baize,  
Shuffling—dealing—and playing the devil's game ;—  
Perch'd, at a corner, sedulously scribbling sits  
Pinchem the Purser !

'Tis calm—and the moon comes forth in her beauty,  
Tinging the dark sails with tissues of silver ;—  
O for a west-wind impelling us forward  
To thy isle, Malta !

Well said king Solomon—sagest of monarchs !  
Deep read in proverb lore—far-famed for wisdom !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

That, ' Hope, if deferred long, maketh the heart sick; '—  
So have I found it.

Freshens the fair wind, till each sail is swelling,  
And onwards the good ship is spurning the proud waves,  
Leaving a long tract, where matter phosphoric  
Sparkles behind her !

Spread every sail out—topsail and studding sail,  
Whilst o'er the waters blue, scuds the ship swan-like !—  
Memory shall leave her seat ere I forget ye,  
Friends in green ERIN !

Distant, yet much loved, I muse on thee, SCOTLAND !  
As the heart of a mother yearns for her first babe,  
Even so does my lone heart long to behold thee,  
Land of my Fathers !

*March 24. 1834.*

THO' BOREAS BAULD, THAT CARLE AULD.

AIR—Maggie Lauder.

THOUGH Boreas bauld, that carle auld,  
Should sough a surly chorus;  
And Winter snell walk out himsel  
And throw his mantle o'er us;—  
Tho' winds blaw drift adown the lift,  
And drive hailstones afore 'em;  
While you and I sit snug and dry,  
Come push about the jorum!

Tho' no a bird can now be heard  
Upon the leafless timmer;  
Whate'er betide—the ingle side  
Can mak the winter—simmer!  
Tho' cauldribs souls hate reekin bowls,  
And loath what's set before 'em;  
How sweet to tout the glasses out—  
O leeze me on a jorum!

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

The hie hill taps, like baxter's baps,  
Wi' snaw are white and floury ;  
Skyte doun the lum the hailstones come,  
In Winter's wildest fury !  
Sharp Johnny Frost, wi' barkynt hoast,  
Maks travellers tramp the quicker ;  
Should he come here to spoil our cheer,  
We'll drown him in the bicker !

Bess, beet the fire—come, big it higher,  
Lest cauld should mak us canker'd ;—  
This is our hame, my dainty dame,  
Sae fill the tither tankard.  
Wi' guid ait cakes, or butter bakes,  
And routh o' whisky toddy,  
Wha daur complain, or mak a mane,  
That man's a saul-less body ?

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

THE ROSE.

AIR—Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon.

EMBLEM of love ! from Mary's hand

How much I prize thee, balmy rose !

Thy odour, like affection bland,

On all around delight bestows.

A fairer flower in vain we seek—

Can aught in nature rival thee ?

Nought, save the bashful virgin's cheek,

Where glows the blush of modesty.

Emblem of love ! for Mary's sake,

I'll place thee near my faithful heart ;

That heart, now lone and sad, must break

Since we, alas ! are doomed to part.

Still her dear image in my mind

Shall live, for absence to atone ;

As thy perfume remains behind

When all thy loveliness is gone.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

LINES

ON VISITING DOLLAR AFTER THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

AGAIN with wandering feet I rove,  
To seek the haunts of Devon grove,  
Where, winding through the leafless bushes,  
The turbid river onward rushes.—  
In Devon's vale, the infant spring  
Her first fair snowdrop there shall fling ;  
And soon the glowing sun shall view  
The crocus clad in golden hue ;  
And there, in fragrance, shall disclose  
Its modest head, the pale primrose ;  
And reckless larks shall poise the wing,  
While buds shall burst and blackbirds sing ;  
And nought be heard in Devon grove,  
Save notes of melody and love !

Where lofty Ochils frowning lower  
O'er Dollar's academic bower ;

Here, while I former scenes retrace,  
 No more I hail a well-known face ;—  
 Alas ! the hand that welcome gave  
 Lies cold within the gloomy grave ;  
 And Spring, whose animating power  
 Shall soon revive the lifeless flower,  
 And clothe the hill, and deck the tree—  
 Shall fail to bring that friend to me !  
 For gone is he who well could blend  
 The husband, father, and the friend ;  
 And left us in a world of sighs,  
 To mourn o'er life's uncertainties ;—  
 Whose warm benevolence of mind,  
 Like nature's gifts, was unconfined ;  
 Whose social generous heart was rife  
 With all the charities of life !

'Tis said, ' that when the poet dies  
 Mute nature mourns ;'—the woodland sighs ;  
 The dancing brook though rushing on,  
 Assumes a soft, a sadder tone ;—



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Well then may nature in her bloom  
Strew flowerets round the painter's tomb ;  
Since none so truly can impart  
Such transcripts of her beauteous art.  
What debt of gratitude we owe  
The man who first made canvass glow !  
For there again, in fairest guise,  
The broad, the living landscape lies ;  
And there, in lineament and line,  
Lives in his art man's face divine !  
And birds, and flowers of various dies,  
From his creative pencil rise.—

O well could GIBSON's hand define  
The truth of beauty's wavy line ;  
And real, or fancied scenes enhance  
By far perspective's magic glance.  
His glowing touch could realize  
The tints that gild the evening skies,  
When nature, in her garb of green,  
Throws her bright vesture o'er the scene.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

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But now, alas ! that hand no more  
Shall cull those tints from nature's store ;  
His spirit—his enchanting powers,  
Fled with lone autumn's latest flowers ;—  
Now winter rules with ruthless sway—  
Dark mists descend and close the day ;  
But spring her mantle shall resume,  
To garland fair her painter's tomb.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

THE tardy spring, at length, returns—  
The renovating breezes blow ;  
The flowers start from their wintry urns,  
Exulting in their gaudy show ;—  
In vain to me their colours glow—  
In vain they shed a rich perfume ;  
They only mock my cherished wo,  
By blooming round my Jessie's tomb.

All is not buried in the dust,  
Tho' cold her lifeless form lies there ;  
Her spirit dwells among the just—  
She shares the joys that angels share !  
The bitter tear I well may spare—  
The sigh, and many a stifled groan ;  
Why should I mourn in heart for her  
Who lives where sorrow is unknown ?

What is this world? A vale of tears,  
With death in ambush for his prey ;  
He strikes ! the spirit disappears—  
We mingle with our kindred clay !  
But we shall meet—no distant day—  
Exempt, at last, from care and pain,  
Where every tear is wiped away,  
And we shall never part again.

Oh thought of comfort to the soul,  
While prisoner in its frail abode !  
To live while endless ages roll—  
To walk in presence of our God !  
Then let me kiss the chastening rod,  
And bless the hand that brings me low ;  
That, while I bear life's weary load,  
Still makes me taste the joy of wo !

EPITAPH

FOR THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER.

YE young and gay who tread this ground  
Blush not to shed the conscious tear ;  
Perhaps ere long the turf-clad mound,  
May cover one your soul holds dear.  
Sweet is the trump of airy Fame  
To the young warrior's ravished ear ;  
But sweeter far a Mother's name  
To him who holds affection dear.  
For know—a Mother lies below  
Who once was loved, with love sincere :  
Tho' death long since has struck the blow,  
Sweet is affection's silent tear.  
Time may deface the sculptor's art,  
And sorrow cease to drop the tear ;  
But while affection warms the heart,  
Still will a Mother's name be dear !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

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SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH POETS.

Of all the good that mortal men pursue,  
The muse has least to give, and gives to few.

CRABBE.

BURNS.

WHEN Genius long neglected lay,  
And his last strains had died away ;  
When ' wood notes wild ' were heard no more  
On Ayr's sweet banks and Carrick shore ;  
In dreary dens fair Coila strayed—  
Her head close muffled in her plaid ;  
Hot tears bedew'd each cheek and eye,  
While ' BURNS ! ' burst forth in many a sigh.—  
No mausoleum then was seen—  
His lowly grave scarce clad in green ;  
No sculptured forms in anguish bent—  
His name, alone, his monument,—

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

A monument, surpassing art,  
That lives in every Scotsman's heart ;  
A fitting shrine—since none so well  
Our loves, joys, pleasures, e'er could tell !

CAMPBELL.

Who stalks along with raptured eye,  
Now views the earth, and now the sky ;  
Whose lyre is of the classic mould,  
As strung by bards in days of old ?  
'Tis CAMPBELL gives his fancy scope,  
And sings a soothing lay of Hope—  
How ardent genius, unconfined,  
Shall yet unlock the springs of mind ;  
With Heaven's own fire young bosoms glow,  
And rival all but *one* below.  
Hark ! as he leaves the peaceful vale  
What hostile sounds the ears assail ;  
The war-trump trills upon the gale ;  
Fair nature's face is rent and riven  
By bolts dire as the bolts of Heaven ;

The war-fiend rides in mantle dun ;  
His sulphury breath obscures the sun ;  
He fiercely urges on the brave  
To gain a name—or find a grave,—  
A grave without a winding sheet—  
For ‘ few shall part where many meet !’

SCOTT.

Who comes, alone, with soul of fire,  
And in his hand the Border lyre ?  
He sweeps the strings, and in his strain  
Old times and manners live again :  
'Tis SCOTT ! Great master of his art,  
He fires, subdues, or storms the heart !  
Rapt by the magic of his rhymes,  
I seem to live in feudal times ;  
I hear the swelling bugle's call,  
And see the warder on the wall ;  
And many a squire, and many a knight,  
In mail and gloves of steel bedight,  
Impatient for the fiery fight.



LAYS AND LYRICS.

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The hoary cairn, the mountain grey,  
Echo the mighty minstrel's lay.  
Who roams with him o'er 'Flodden field,'  
But longs to grasp the spear and shield;  
To join the yet unbroken ring  
That crowd round their devoted king!

HOGG.

Who sits in shepherd's garb arrayed,  
His 'Mountain lyre' beside him laid?  
His crook is idly tossed away;  
His flocks have wandered far astray:  
'Tis Hogg! And hark! that wizard tone,  
Tells of a world to us unknown;  
A land, ne'er seen by sinful eyes,  
Of emerald vales and cloudless skies,  
Where all is chaste, and pure, and fair—  
Yet young Kilmeny wanders there;  
Kilmeny of a mortal born,  
From sin and sorrow early torn!

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Let sceptics doubt—to me 'tis clear  
That woman's half an angel here.

But list again—he sweeps the strings  
That thrill unutterable things.  
Lo ! Beattie Laing, the ' Witch o' Fife !'  
Starts, at the magic sound, to life ;  
She mounts her birken broom again,  
And rides aloft in Satan's train ;  
Or sails to Norway in a shell,  
Safe in the secret power of hell ;—  
Such witchery in his harp-strings dwell !  
Sweet mountain bard, when shall such strain  
Fall on our ravished ears again ?

WILSON.

SAY who is he that loves to lie  
And gaze on sleeping infancy ?  
Shut is the ear to voice of fame  
That never heard of WILSON's name !  
His spirit, pure as opening day,  
Delights in fancy's groves to stray,

And fain would people this rude earth  
With beings of a heavenly birth.  
Though vain his views of human bliss,  
For such a sordid world as this,  
I revel in his fairy dreams,  
And dwell delighted on his thèmes,  
Which steal upon the pensive mind  
Like soft breath of the southern wind ;  
Or slighted lover's madrigal ;  
Or din of distant waterfall.

List his wild harp—it breathes anon,  
A deep, a more impassioned tone ;  
And as the airy strings he sweeps,  
The eye of listening Beauty weeps.  
O cease that agonizing strain—  
Else may the heart ne'er throb again ;  
May never sigh o'er earthly woe ;—  
For who with him may safely go  
'Mong livid corpses breathless lying—  
Groans and shrieks of lovers dying—  
The last faint accents of despair—  
Gaunt phantoms in the lurid air—

And madmen o'er the midnight bowl—  
Distract and ' harrow up the soul !'

TENNANT.

WHO sings to cheer his moorland hearth,  
And tunes his potent lyre to mirth ;  
Whose nimble fancy, bold and free,  
Fills all around with fun and glee ?  
'Tis TENNANT—Momus' merry son !  
And hark ! the bridal game's begun.  
While Anster's dame, all love and grace,  
Sits by the king in pride of place,  
The gazing multitudes applaud her—  
Heaven's concave rings with ' Maggie Lauder !'  
The reeling mob confess Rob's chanter,  
And kick and rear it to the Ranter.  
O ne'er beneath the sun or moon  
Was seen so hot a rigadoon,  
As when that spirit-stirring air  
Set all the crowd a dancing there !  
Bard of the jocund humorous strain,  
O wake thy merry mood again !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

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TO A LADY,

ON HER PRESENTING THE AUTHOR

WITH A BEAUTIFUL CARNATION, DECEMBER 28. 1832.

TAKE back the flower you kindly gave,  
No art can now avert its doom ;  
In vain I would its beauty save  
From sinking in a wintry tomb.  
Thus ill-starred genius has its birth—  
It springs beneath inclement skies,  
Rears high its radiant head on earth—  
Blooms for a day—fades—falls—and dies !

LADY CASSILIS' LAMENT. (11)

AIR—The Gipsy Laddie.

O ! WAE betide thee, Johnny Faa,  
Thy looks and words enticing ;  
Freedom and fame I've lost, and a'  
Through thee, and thy advising.  
O let not woman after me  
Forsake the path of duty ;  
O let not woman after me  
Exult in youth and beauty !

My een, that ance were bonnie blue,  
Love's saftest glances flinging,  
Are dimm'd, alas ! by sorrow's dew,  
From misery's fountain springing :  
My hair, that ance was lang and sleek,  
Wi' grief is fast decaying ;  
And tears find channels down that cheek  
Where rosy smiles were playing.

Now spring has flung o'er field and bower  
The garment of her gladness ;  
While here I sit in prison tower,  
In mair than winter's sadness :  
The wild birds flit frae tree to tree—  
The grove's wi' music ringing ;  
O I was ance as blythe and free  
As onie bird that's singing !

But now less free than bird of song  
That gilded wires environ ;  
My cage a gloomy prison strong,  
Wi' bolts and bars of iron :—  
O let not woman after me  
Exult in youth and beauty ;  
O let not woman after me  
Forsake the path of duty !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

FROM PORTSMOUTH ERE WE SAILED AWAY.

AN—The girl I left behind me.

FROM Portsmouth ere we sailed away—  
    (For our's a roving trade is),  
In sweet July, the fourteenth day,  
    Three lovely laughing ladies  
Came straight on board : the first was Fan—  
    No mortal e'er such eyes saw !  
The second—gentle Mary Ann ;  
    The third—was fair Eliza.

Her spirits, like a full spring-tide,  
    With joy were overflowing ;  
She tripp'd about from side to side,  
    Her pretty ankles shewing :  
Her winning smile and witching eye,  
    That set my heart a-dancing,  
With grandeur's gayest dames might vie,  
    Howe'er so proudly glancing.



A prettier girl was never seen  
Upon the land or water—  
In city gay, or meadow green,  
Since Eve had her first daughter.  
O many a dreary day is gone  
Since we sailed on that trip, boys !  
Yet still I often think upon  
That girl on board our ship, boys.

Then fare ye well, Eliza dear,  
I may no more behold you ;  
But let me whisper in your ear  
A truth that's seldom told you :—  
Young men will flatter, sigh, adore,  
And swear but to deceive you ;  
Then, swallow-like, when summer's o'er,  
They'll fly away and leave you.

THE HEARKENIN' WIND WI' ANGRY THUDS.

AN—Logan Water.

THE hearkenin' wind wi' angry thuds  
Raves wildly through the beechen tree ;  
The sun has derved himsel in cluds,  
Nor blinks upon the stormy sea.  
I look far yont the Isle o' May,  
And sigh to see the whitenin' faem,  
For my leal lad's been lang away,  
Tho' soon he promised to be hame.

O wae betide that restless man  
Wha first the pathless ocean plough'd ;  
He weel deserves the lover's ban  
Wha ventured there in quest o' gowd :  
Gowd ne'er can beet the lover's flame,  
And hame-content it canna buy ;  
Then haste ye, Jamie, haste ye hame,  
And nane shall be sae blest as I.

LAYS AND LYRICS,

---

A speck at last attracts my eye,  
Afar upon the welkin's rim ;  
And now the tall mast cleaves the sky—  
The signal tells me it is him !  
O sodgers' wives hae days o' care,  
And sailors' wives hae nights o' pain ;  
But sorrow vanishes in air  
When those we lo'e come hame again !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

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VERSES

WRITTEN ON LEAVING FORT-WESTMORELAND,

SPIKE ISLAND, COVE OF CORK.

OFT have I gazed from Spike with rapt delight,  
When Sol on summer eve had ceased to shine,  
And gorgeous clouds arose—and coming night  
Threw her broad shadows o'er the burnished brine :  
Such scene may well the painter's eye invite ;  
And poet there might pen a prettier line,  
If wights so wayward in life's weary round,  
Within the massive walls should e'er be found.

These scenes have fled ;—the splendid summer's o'er ;  
The mist descends, and heavy moans the breeze ;  
Grim surly ' Winter shews his visage hoar,'—  
And tints autumnal tinge the fading trees.  
Farewell, green Erin, to thy rock-bound shore !  
Forgive me, if I'm rather hard to please ;  
I love thy ladies, fair in every feature—  
And Cove has charms for me—the charms of nature !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

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THE RHYMING O'T.

WRITTEN FOR THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

ANSTRUTHER MUSOMANIK SOCIETY, 1813. (12)

AIR—The rock and the wee pickle tow.

THERE is an auld town in the East Neuk o' Fife—

Sae auld that few ken the beginnin o't;

But the young birkies there hae a great deal o' life,

And o' rhyme they aft try the spinnin o't:

There, thinkin and clinkin, they sit i' their ha',

And laughin and daffin drive dull hours awa;

A joy that plain prose men ken nocht o' ava,

For the laurel they ne'er tried the winnin o't.

The hill o' Parnassus, sae steep and sae hie,

O mony's the bard has been climbin o't;

The braw cauler well at its tap they maun pree,

Then their tongues a' wag fast wi' the chimin o't!

H

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

So we, too, you see, too,—tho' some silly snools  
Wad blaw us, an' ca' us puir licht-headed fools ;  
Tho' its vera weel kend a' the lear o' the schools  
Could never yet teach ane the rhymin o't !

O the rhymin ! the rhymin ! it maks us a' glad—  
My heart how it louns wi' the thinkin o't !  
Tho' baith douf and dowie, we're nae langer sad  
When ance a' set down to the clinkin o't :  
It brightens, it heightens our humour and glee ;—  
Of true men, there's few men sae funny and free ;  
May we write, may we rhyme—may our names  
never dee—  
A bumper—that a' may be drinkin o't !

CRAMBO ON CHEESE.

ADDRESSED TO R—— H—— ESQ.

ON THERE BEING NONE AT A WEDDING DINNER.

Rhyme the rudder is of verses.—BUTLER.

On Rhyme's two stilts I crutch it up Parnassus.—TENNANT.

I've dined—but still I'm ill at ease—  
For why? my stomach lacks the cheese.  
I try its cravings to appease,  
But all wont do—I sigh for cheese.  
'A glass of port, sir?' If you please—  
But what is port without the cheese!  
'The wine of life is on the lees,'  
Unless a dinner ends with cheese!  
I take a pinch, and loudly sneeze,  
Sly madam Echo answers 'Cheese!'  
I love a song—am fond of glees—  
A song I'll write in praise of cheese.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

If fair Miss Sally touch the keys,  
To me they vibrate, che, che, cheese !  
I'll never sue on bended knees,  
To lady fair that spurns at cheese.  
The world, in vain, may try to tease  
The man that is content with cheese.—  
May you, my friend, live at your ease  
And never want your bread and cheese :  
To Mrs. H. a lengthened lease  
Of life's good things—including cheese.  
Last night she braved the stormy breeze,  
Got wet—the Doctor lost the cheese !  
I'd rather far that his degrees—  
I mean his *muckle* M's and D's,  
Had lost their mark, than we the cheese.  
May hungry ruin on him seize,  
That stole, and then devoured the cheese ;  
Long may he feel what drunkard *drees*,  
A burning *drouth*—sans drink, sans cheese !  
Sweeter than honey to wild bees,  
Or to the fists of lawyers, fees,  
Is port, or porter, after cheese !



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

At lunch, I give my heart a *heeze*,  
With ale, brown stout, and Cheshire cheese.  
Though eld my hair should silvereze,  
There's youth, and truth, in Stilton cheese.  
If cold, in winter, make you wheeze,  
Then clear your windpipe out with cheese.  
For indigestion—sad disease !  
What is so good as mouldy cheese ?  
Ill fares the man that never *prees*  
A *rabbit*, made of Glos'ter cheese.  
Had I, on earth, but four *Tarees*, <sup>(13)</sup>  
With them I'd buy a pound of cheese ;  
Or mouths like the twin Siamese,  
I'd feed them both with toasted cheese.  
Till death life's genial current freeze  
My rhymes shall run in praise of cheese.—  
Your friendly hand I soon shall squeeze ;  
Meantime, provide the house with cheese :  
I'll drink, while you repeat the *threes*—  
' Hip, hip—hurra ! the cheese, the cheese !'  
While rivers run to join the seas ;  
While leaves in spring shall clothe the trees,

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

And daisies star the verdant leas,  
Shall mankind munch their bread and cheese !  
Rhymes yet remain, as frieze, and pease,  
And C's and G's, and E's and T's ;  
And twenty more as good as these,  
When next I chant, or chime, on cheese.  
So having made you my *congees*,  
I drop my crambo-clink on cheese !

FIRST WHEN I BEGAN TO WOO.

AIR—Duncan Gray.

FIRST when I began to woo,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
I thought my dearie wad prove true,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
She soon cured me o' my pain,  
For ae night I saw a swain  
Kiss and clasp her as his ain,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Gif sic be their tricks, thought I,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Ane mair kind I maun gae try,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't :  
Aff I set ae rainy night  
To court my lassie, trig and tight—  
Never dreamt I'd gat the slight !  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

When I reach'd her cottage door,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Some chiel had got there before,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't :

She ne'er bade me come in by,

Tho' the night was far frae dry ;—

Turnin round—' Guid-e'en,' quo' I !

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

In proverb phrase, ' third time 'tries a','

Ha, ha, the wooing o't—

A third I'll try, whate'er befa',

Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

Gif like the rest she prove untrue,

May the de'il then get his due—

(Faithless hizzies, I mean you !)

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Ye're a' mim-mou'd till yok'd for life,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

Then your words and wants are rife,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't :

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Pride and prate does sae abound,  
Tho' you search the braid world round,  
Where shall constancy be found ?  
Weary fa' the wooing o't.

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EPIGRAM

ON A TRAGEDIAN TURNED DENTIST.

I KNEW a man in early youth  
So fond his part to play,  
He sought the tragic boards, forsooth,  
To strut his hour away.  
'Tis passing strange, but yet 'tis truth—  
And truth we should revere ;  
He now attempts to draw a tooth  
Who ne'er could draw a tear.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

O SAFT FLOWS THE TAY.

AIR—The mill, mill, O!

O SAFT flows the Tay,  
In its wild woody way,  
While dashin owre linns pours the Clyde, O!  
But no stream in the North  
Is so sweet as the Forth,  
Where aft wi' my lassie I've strayed, O!  
In the green bushy bowers,  
On fair Fife's fertile shores,  
I've sat, and fond-courted the maid, O!  
While oft the silver moon  
Has gained her silent noon,  
Ere reluctant we quitted the shade, O!

Ah! how happy my days,  
When friendship's mild rays,  
Were mixed wi' the raptures of love, O!

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

No thought and no care,  
For life's morning rose fair,  
And, careless, I ventured to rove, O !  
How altered the scene !  
Life's cares intervene,  
Nae mair thro' these pleasures I range, O !  
What gave joy aft before,  
Now pleases no more,  
And manhood laments the sad change, O !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

MUSIC BY JAMES STEEL, R. N.

‘HAME, hame, hame ! hame fain wad I be,  
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!’  
When the bonnie buds of spring shall deck the haw-  
thorn tree,  
O then I’ll hie me hame to my ain countrie !

Let foreign bodies boast o’ their olive tree and vine,  
Their skies o’ cloudless blue and silvery moonshine ;  
Gie me the Land o’ Cakes wi’ its meal and barley bree—  
O there’s nae place like hame in our ain countrie !

The classic shores o’ Greece are barren, bleak and bare,  
Nae primrose spreads its leaves, nor glints the gowan  
there ;  
Nae blackbird in the bush sings his e’enin sang to me—  
Send me hame, send me hame, to my ain countrie !



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Sair, sair is my heart, for lang I've been awa,  
Frae frien's that lo'e me dear, an' my bonnie bairns twa;  
But the time will shortly come when I'll cross the  
stormy sea,  
And press them to my heart, in my ain countrie.

*Mediterranean, 1837.*

---

ON PARTING WITH A LADY,

WHO SAID THE AUTHOR WOULD SOON FORGET HIS FRIENDS.

FORGET my friends? O say it not!  
I leave them with regret;—  
Forget I may, but there is *one*  
I never can forget!  
Ask not her name—I'll only breathe  
The simple sound in prayer;  
But could you look within my breast,  
You'd find her pictured there!

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

OH! ASK ME NOT WHY THUS I MOURN.

AIR—Gilderoy.

OH ! ask me not why thus I mourn,  
Why hang the pensive head ;  
Can joys departed e'er return,  
Can roses bloom when dead ?  
O there was one—her name still dear  
Lives in my bosom's core ;  
But fruitless is the falling tear—  
I ne'er shall see her more !

With her I've pulled the sweetest flower,  
That graced the early spring ;  
With her I've spent the lover's hour,  
That quick was on the wing :  
Spring's early flowers no pleasure yield—  
The moments linger slow ;—  
The sweetest flower in nature's field  
Now lies, alas ! full low.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

CHRISTMAS.

A RUDDER-HEAD REVERIE.

Christmas comes but once a-year,  
But, when it comes, it brings good cheer.—CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IN that famed place no longer cruising,  
Where William kissed his 'black-ey'd Susan,' (15)  
Driven by the tide, toss'd by the breeze,  
Rides the good ship, the Ramillies.  
Others may 'slumber on the ocean,'  
But we've found out 'perpetual motion';  
And things shall go a little hard,  
If some one claims not the reward.  
Some stomachs are so very nice,  
Rolling upsets them in a trice;  
And pitching gives them such a fit,  
Poor souls! they cannot pick a bit!  
Let winds pipe loud,—let billows roar,—  
*We* eat and drink like folks on shore.  
But what is this? As I'm a sinner  
'Tis CHRISTMAS, and we've nought for dinner!

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Already lour the distant skies ;  
The angry white-topped billows rise ;  
O'er head the rack is scudding fast,  
And heavy moans the coming blast ;  
On flagging wing sails slowly by  
The sea-mew, with a wailing cry.  
What sad portentous signs are these ?  
How quick they turn our swans to geese !

Four jolly Mids have we invited,  
Whose stomachs, no doubt, are delighted ;  
And shall their fondest wishes *go out*  
Like candle-snuff? Shall then no *blow-out*  
Delight the maws of hungry fellows ?  
Must *salt junk* fill our empty bellies ?  
Shall we have nought but beef and biscuit,  
Instead of *soft-tack*, fowl and brisket ?  
Forbid it ! Neptune's watery train,  
That live below, or skim the main.

Alas ! what will not patience teach ;—  
The surf is rolling on the beach ;

And down comes Lapslie, hat in hand,—  
 ' At Deal, to-day, no boat can land !'  
 And all our hopes of Christmas fare  
 Vanish, like witches, in the air !  
 The rich sirloin, all smoking hot,  
 Like baser shin, has gone to pot :  
 The goose—oh, name it not !—the goose  
 Is killed and stuffed for others' use ;  
 Or borne away, on ample pinions,  
 Regardless of our sage and onions.  
 'Tis clear our evil stars prevail,—  
 We'll ne'er lay salt upon her tail.  
 The fowls have all been ' bought and sold ;'  
 The currie is too hot to hold !  
 The mince, so nicely baked in pies,  
 Is fruitless as a sailor's sighs,  
 When fast he scuds before the wind,  
 And leaves his lass and heart behind.  
 The ham, well dried a month before,  
 We only *smoke* it from the shore ;  
 And, were we Jews of Abram's line,  
 On it might be allow'd to dine ;

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

But no,—at distance here we stand,  
And only view the promised land.  
The veal,—pray, messmates, do not frown,—  
Not it, but we, are quite *done brown* :  
The tongue that tickles every palate,  
Is mute within some butcher's wallet ;  
The pig on which I thought to dine,  
Lies grunting with his fellow swine !  
And greens uncut, adorn the plain—  
M——r may *green* for them in vain.  
For such ' good cheer ' we may not look,—  
We all must dine with *Humphrey's Duke* ;  
Our Christmas gambols we have played ill,  
And danced to ' Sandy lick the laddle !'  
To bear with this is not in nature,  
I therefore vote we *cob the eat'er*.

H. M. SHIP RAMILLIES,  
Downs, 25th December 1823.

THE BRAES OF DREEL. (16)

AN—Roslin Castle.

SWEET Dreel ! upon whose gowany braes,  
Fair Fifan lasses bleach their claes,  
Where aft I've strayed wi' listening ear,  
The murmur o' thy stream to hear ;  
Sweet Dreel ! endeared from infancy  
By love's fond glance and friendship's tie—  
By mair than I can e'er reveal,  
Now I maun leave thee, bonnie Dreel !

The primrose paints thy braes in spring,  
The birds amang thy bushes sing ;  
There e'enin' aft has seen me stray,  
Wi' ane sweet as thy banks in May ;  
But now, alas ! I maun awa  
Whar billows roll, and tempests blaw ;  
Unsung, thy waters now shall steal  
To join the ocean, bonnie Dreel !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Yet there the birds will sing as sweet,  
As when my love an' I did meet ;  
The gowan fair, the primrose pale,  
With the same hues shall paint the dale ;  
The sun shall shine as fair on high,  
Tho' distant far, an' sad am I :  
Scenes o' my youth ! a lang fareweel,—  
Adieu ! adieu ! sweet flowery Dreel.



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

STANZAS.

Come, Disappointment, come!—HENRY K. WHITE.

IN the morning of life, ere my sun was well up,  
How swift flew the moments away !  
I never once dreamt I should drain sorrow's cup,  
But pass in glad frolic the day !  
Ah ! Hope's airy visions soon fled from my sight,  
And left Disappointment with all her sad train ;—  
My sun was soon set—all was dark as the night  
When loud howls the blast, and the trav'ler in fright  
Takes shelter from wind and the rain.

Unshelter'd and friendless I bore the rude blast,  
For Hope would appear to my view  
Like the moon through a cloud, in the void dark and vast,  
And beckon me still to pursue.  
Though rough was the way, I kept trudging along—  
And nought from my purpose could draw me aside ;  
For the shade of pale Poverty hovered among  
The ills in my train, as I pressed through the throng—  
And I shrunk from the scoffings of pride !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Dame Fortune, blind goddess ! her smile was my aim,

But a glance she would never bestow ;

So I left the pursuit, without sorrow or shame,

Resolving no farther to go.

Then Love, maddening Love ! took his seat in my  
breast,—

Disappointment, heart-rending, still followed me  
there,—

For my nymph she proved false, though my soul she  
possess'd,

And Despair seized my heart when I saw her caress'd  
By a rival of insolent air !

I have found that fair woman, like ' life, is a jest,'

And happy the man that is free ;—

So I flew to my rest, like a bird to its nest,

To harbour, sweet Friendship, with thee.

A suppliant bends at thy shrine—may he crave

That thy mantle may round him be thrown,

Then Fortune may frown, and mad Malice may rave,

He'll heed not their ire as he sinks in the grave

With his sorrows, unnoted, unknown !

A LASSIE FAIR.

AD—For a' that, and a' that.

A LASSIE fair—the deil-ma-care—  
Ance lichtlied me and a' that,  
And tho' I'm poor, you may be sure,  
I didna like to claw that ;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
I'm hearty still for a' that,  
I gat the slight, I took it light,  
And that's the way to thraw that.

Gif they should nick you wi' this trick,  
Ne'er break your heart and a' that,  
Just glower about, you'll find ane out,  
Will ease your pain and a' that ;  
And a' that, and a' that,  
Your sighs and sabs, and a' that,  
Sae never dwine about ae quean,  
There's plenty yet for a' that !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Nane but a fool spurns Nature's rule,  
To love and wed, and a' that ;  
Or gin a lass to him proves fause  
Taks to his bed, and a' that ;  
And a' that, and a' that,  
Nae doctor's drugs, and a' that,  
Will ever prove a cure for love,  
Like kiss again, and a' that !

Gif I can find ane to my mind,  
My heart and hand, and a' that,  
To her I'll gie, baith frank and free,  
They're my delight for a' that ;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
They're dear to me for a' that,  
I lo'e them still, and ever will,  
Tho' ane did jilt and a' that !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

STANZAS.

Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles.—SHAKESPEARE.

COULD some high peak or place be found,  
Where I might scan with eagle eye  
The landscape, as it lay around—  
The earth, the ocean, and the sky.  
There would I build a little bower  
Upon the mountain's sheltered side ;  
And nourish there a fairer flower  
Than Flora's garden can provide.

Or, place me in the deepest mine,  
No more to taste the vernal air ;  
Give me the maid whose dark eyes shine,  
And I could dwell for ever there.  
For, even in our drear abode,  
Where Sol ne'er sent a cheering ray,  
Nor silver Cynthia walked abroad—  
Love—love would make it always day.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Love's mighty conquest who can tell?  
Arm'd with his all-prevailing dart,  
He leads his captives by a spell,  
And prisoner takes the wayward heart.  
Then Love, all hail ! thy votary, I  
Will worship where my fair one dwells ;  
Be it on mountain tops so high,  
Or earth's remotest, deepest cells.

MY FATHERLAND.

O SOME may think it sweet to roam  
On mony a foreign shore ;  
But sad is the heart  
If we're far apart  
From friends we may meet no more.

Here music floats in the balmy air  
Frae mony a merry band ;  
But it breathes na the strain  
That the heart breathes again,  
In the lays o' my Fatherland.

Here the moon comes drest in her siller crest,  
And the stars are twinkling by ;  
But they brund na sae bricht  
In a winter's nicht,  
As the stars in my ain native sky.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Here the golden orange hangs its head,  
And the vine woos the willing hand ;  
But they're nocht to me  
Like the auld apple-tree  
That blooms in my Fatherland.

*Mediterranean, 1834.*

---

EPIGRAM,

ADDRESSED TO A NUMEROUS CLASS WHO ARE

'LONGING AFTER IMMORTALITY.'

YE nameless unknown, in wood and on stone  
What tempts ye to cut and to scribble ?  
From oblivion's stream would ye fish up a name ?  
Believe me, ye'll ne'er get a nibble !



WELLINGTON'S ENTRY INTO FRANCE.

AIR—The Highland Watch.

HAIL ! hero of the Emerald Isle,

Iberia's great avenger !

Inured to war with all its toil,

Serene in every danger !

The foe retires at thy advance,

His fate no longer braving ;

And proudly o'er the fields of France

The British banner's waving.

While bowed to dust, Spain scorned to yield,

Or crouch to the invader ;

Britannia hastened to the field

With Freedom's sons to aid her.

'Twas British steel repelled the shock,

Their *pas de charge* and drumming ;

Three cheers oft told the Gallic Cock

'Twas Britain's Lion coming.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Now Tyranny has fled the plain,  
With all his dire attendants ;  
Then shout, ye gallant sons of Spain,  
For yours is independence !—  
Ye who have spread destruction round,  
Does courage now forsake you ?  
Beware ! lest on your native ground  
Grim vengeance overtake you !

21st October 1813.

THE BATTLE OF PRESTON.

AIR—Johnny Cope.

THE blairin trumpet sounded far,  
And horsemen rode, weel graithed for war,  
While Sir John Cope marched frae Dunbar,

Upon a misty morning.

Prince Charlie, wi' his Highland host,  
Lay westward on the Lothian coast,  
But Johnny bragg'd, wi' mony a boast,  
He'd rout them ere neist morning.

Lang ere the cock proclaimed it day,  
The Prince's men stood in array ;  
And, though impatient for the fray,  
Bent low the knee that morning.  
When row-dow rolled the English drum,  
The Highland bagpipe gied a bum,  
And tauld the mountain clans had come,  
Grim death and danger scorning.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Ilk nerve was strung, ilk heart was true ;  
A shot ! and down their guns they threw ;  
Then forth their deadly claymores drew,  
    Upon that fearfu' morning.  
The English raised a loud huzza,  
But durstna bide the brunt ava ;  
They wavered—turned—syne ran awa,  
    Like sheep at shepherd's warning.

Fast, fast, their foot and horsemen flew ;  
And caps were mixed wi' bonnets blue,  
And dirks were wet—but no wi' dew,  
    Upon that dreadfu' morning.  
Few stayed—save ae devoted band—  
To thole the sweep o' Highland brand,  
That flashed around—and head and hand  
    Cropped, on that bluidy morning.

What sad mishaps that few befell !  
When faint had grown the battle's yell,  
Still Gardiner fought—and fighting fell,  
    Upon that awesome morning ! (17)

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Nae braggart—but a sodger he,  
Wha scorned wi' coward loons to flee ;  
Sae fell aneath the auld thorn tree,  
Upon that fatal morning !

---

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE AUTHOR'S

POEMS AND SONGS,

PRESENTED TO LADY J. P. BERESFORD.

As when a boy on summer's golden morn—  
Free from restraint, and careless where he goes,  
Now lists the linnet warbling on the thorn,  
Now crops a thistle, and now pulls a rose :  
So I—oft wandering near that hill where flows  
The sacred fountain by the gods adored—  
Have cull'd a chaplet, where few sweets repose,  
And tied it rudely with a rustic cord ;  
Now humbly lay the wreath at feet of BERESFORD.

BALBIRNIE, MAY THY BRAES BLOOM FAIR.

AIR—I hae laid a herring in saut.

BALBIRNIE ! may thy braes bloom fair—  
Thy birks and bowers be ever green ;  
May summer spread her beauties there—  
There let me wander late at e'en ;  
There let me steal a peep at Jean,  
As forth she walks at gloamin grey ;  
The bonnie lass, whose coal-black een  
Hae wiled my witless heart away !

The setting sun shone through the wood,  
The pearly dew begemmed the green ;  
Amang the trees the cushat coo'd,  
And love and pleasure crowned the scene ;  
When, tripping up a bank, bedeen,  
Came, smiling like a morn in May,  
As blythe a lass as e'er was seen :  
But O ! she wiled my heart away !

Few words we spak,—she glided by—

Her glance that moment won my heart :

I lingered till the moon rose high ;

Spell-bound, I wished na to depart

Frae where sweet Jean, devoid of art,

Strayed, angel-like, at close o' day ;

But O ! unwittingly, my heart

And peace o' mind she stole away !

What are Misfortune's sharpest stings ?

Thy cauld, cauld blasts, Adversitie ?

If love but fauld his silken wings,

And dwell wi' us—how blest are we !

But dire's the weird we hae to dree,

If hope withhold her cheering ray ;

Then nocht is left us but to dee,

And mingle with our kindred clay !

O TRUE LOVE IS A BONNIE FLOWER.

Am—Twine weel the plaiden.

O TRUE love is a bonnie flower,  
That buds in mony a bosom ;  
But pride's cauld blast will nip its bloom,  
And wither ilka blossom.  
Alas ! I've lost my luckless heart,  
And o' this life I'm weary ;  
Wi' a' on earth I'd eithly part,  
But no wi' thee my dearie !

When first I saw thy bonnie face,  
Love's pauky glances won me ;  
Now cauld neglect, and studied scorn  
Have fatallly undone me !  
Alas ! I've lost, &c.

Were our fond vows but empty air,  
And made but to be broken ?



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

That ringlet o' thy raven hair,  
Was't but a faithless token ?  
Alas ! I've lost, &c.

In vain I've tried each artfu' wile,  
That's practised by the lover ;  
But nocht, alas ! when once it's lost,  
Affection can recover.  
Then break, my poor deluded heart,  
That never can be cheerie ;  
But while life's current there shall flow,  
Sae lang I'll lo'e my dearie !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A LADY

WHO ASKED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE A SONG

ON ANY SUBJECT BUT LOVE.

WHEN Spring puts on her robes of pride,  
Begemmed with many an early flower,  
I roam by winding Devon's side,  
And feel with joy her genial power :—  
'Tis sweet by Devon's banks to rove,  
Could I but tune the lyre to love.

Ten thousand birds are on the wing,  
And flit around Spring's leafy bower ;  
And there, by turns, of love they sing  
From morn till twilight's dewy hour :—  
The blackbird sings in Devon Grove,  
Yet I'm forbid to sing of love.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

You ask me, Lady, for a song,  
And fain would I the task fulfil ;  
But I must join the tuneful throng,  
And wayward Nature have her will :—  
For cold and flat the strain would prove,  
Unless my lyre was tuned to love.

The themes for song are love and wine,—  
Then place me by the mighty bowl,  
While music pours her strains divine,  
And melts or maddens every soul :—  
There, while bright fancies round me shine,  
The song shall flow to love or wine !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

Air—We'll gang nae mair to yon town.

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,  
And see my bonnie Jean again,  
When the weary sun gaes slowly down,  
And dews fa' on the green again.  
The wandering burn shall saftly row,  
The cushat seek his mate again,  
The gowans 'neath our feet shall grow,  
When I gang west the gate again.  
The blackbird frae the birken tree,  
May sing his sweetest sang again;  
But he shall close his waukrife ee,  
Ere I the gate shall gang again.

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
When e'enin draws her screen again;  
Those moments love may count his own  
When I am wi' my Jean again.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

I think o' her the hale day lang ;  
And O, I wish 't were e'en again,  
For aye the burden o' my sang  
Is, ' Gie me back my Jean again !'  
The dews o' e'en may gem the green—  
The brier may baum the air again ;  
But my dear Jean, like nicht's lone queen,  
Maks Nature's face look fair again !

WHEN THE SUN O'ER KELLY LAW.

AIR—Lord Balgonie.

WHEN the sun o'er Kelly Law  
Lets the e'enin shadows fa',  
And the winds hae died awa,  
    I wander forth fu' cheerie, O.  
Parted clouds ascend the sky,  
Deeply dipt in Nature's dye ;  
To their nests the songsters fly,  
    'Mang bushes thick and briery, O.  
Then the twinklin star of May,  
Lichts the seaman on his way :  
So the hour o' gloamin grey,  
    Lichts me to my lov'd dearie, O.

When the blast o' winter chill,  
Blaws the drift o'er Rennyhill,  
Snawy wreathes the hollows fill,  
    And ilka thing looks dreary, O.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Bare and leafless, Airdrie woods,  
Ravin wi' the angry thuds,  
Toss their branches to the cluds,  
    Wi' sugh fu' sad and eerie, O.  
Winter ! blaw thy wildest blast—  
Be the sky wi' cluds o'erblast ;  
Let me meet her at the last,  
    My fair, my faithfu' dearie, O !

WHA IS'T THAT COMES WI' SIC A SMILE.

Ans.—There's nae luck about the house.

WHA is't that comes wi' sic a smile,  
Love laughin in her ee ?  
Wha, but the lass I've woo'd this while—  
The lass that lo'es but me !  
Her air is modesty itsel',  
Sae sweet and fair to see ;  
And O ! her een—nae tongue can tell  
What things they speak to me !  
Youth is the simmer o' our days,  
And it glides fast awa' ;  
Let ithers waste it as they please,  
In love we'll spend it a'.

What though the lee-lang day I toil,  
The hours flee by wi' glee ;  
I think on Jessie a' the while—  
Which sweetens toil to me.



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

The cheerfu' smile upon her face,  
The love-blink o' her e'e,  
Wad a' my anxious cares efface—  
If care durst dwell wi' me!  
Youth is the simmer o' our days, &c.

When gloamin comes—then out I steal  
Along the gowany lea :—  
We meet—but tongue can ne'er reveal  
The language o' her ee!  
The star of Love, far i' the west,  
Blinks on us bonnilie ;  
O could maun be the heart ne'er blest  
Wi' that star's witcherie!  
Youth is the simmer o' our days, &c.

FRAGMENT.

AN—Sleepy Maggie.

DARK and dismal is this place,  
Bolts and iron bars surround me ;  
The flush of guilt is on my face,  
While bitter thoughts of death confound me !  
O wert thou near me, Mary !  
O wert thou near me, Mary !  
In vain may I for mercy cry,  
No ear but thine will hear me, Mary !

\* \* \* \* \*

Kiss the pledges of our love,—  
To earth and thee they fain would bind me ;  
How bitter then the pang must prove,  
Of leaving them and thee behind me !  
Soon must I leave thee, Mary !  
Soon must I leave thee, Mary !  
The world's scorn I might have borne,—  
It breaks my heart to grieve thee, Mary !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

MAY-DAY.

ADDRESSED TO PATRICK MAXWELL, ESQ.

— Lusty May, that mudder is of flouris.—DUNBAR.

COME, let us walk abroad to-day,  
This glowing, glorious first of May;  
Up, up, my friend, and leave your books,  
For verdant fields and running brooks;—  
The Muses all have gone a-Maying,  
And we should after them be straying.  
Then haste, my friend, and let us go  
Where daisies and the wild thyme grow;  
Nor more on dusty volumes look—  
To-day we'll read from Nature's book.

Winter has gone, and gloom and grief;—  
The trees are starting into leaf;  
Wild bees are humming round the flowers,  
While birds sing sweet in half-clad bowers;  
From chrysalis, the butterfly,  
Like leaf in autumn, flutters by;

L

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

The mavis mends his mellow call ;  
The swallow sweeps the castle wall ;  
The trout is leaping from the stream,  
To catch the fly in sunny gleam ;  
The crow sits nestled on the tree ;  
And lambs are bounding o'er the lea.  
The hills of Braid, that brown were seen,  
Are tinted o'er with spots of green ;  
And sheep, long held on scanty fare,  
Are nibbling at the herbage there ;  
While ploughboys list the skylark's strain,  
And all is life and joy again !

Then come, my friend, let us away  
To taste the sweets of ' lusty May ;'  
To hold communion with the hills  
Wherever freakish fancy wills.  
Of smoke and dust impatient grown,  
With *Conolly* ' I hate the town !' (18)  
A city life no more I'll brook,  
Like hedgehog, *hurling* in a nook ;  
I'll steal a leaf from Nature's book ;

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

For Nature never looked more gay.—  
Then up ! and to the hills away,  
We'll hail the mother of sweet flowers,  
While joy and lustihood are ours.

EDINBURGH, *May* 1. 1841.

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THE POET.

A TOOM pouch and a ragget coat  
Are unco aft the poet's lot,  
And miseries in store ;  
But yet they've pleasures here below,  
And joys the miser ne'er can know,  
Wi' a' his yellow ore :  
The poet casts his roving een  
O'er Nature's broad expanse ;  
Admires ilk rude, ilk lovely scene,  
Wi' mony a raptured glance.  
Flowers springing, birds singing ;  
The mountains, vales, and trees ;  
The ocean, in motion,  
His roaming fancy please.

ODE TO PEACE.

COME, gentle PEACE, enthroned on high,  
Above the vaulted starry sky ;—  
    (There only thou art found)  
Descend, and at the Muse's call,  
Shed thy blest influence o'er all  
    The bleeding nations round.

What joy, what pleasure crown'd the day,  
A thousand blessings marked thy stay  
    With man in Eden's bower ;  
Young Love with thee sat smiling there,  
And Hope and Mercy, gentle pair !  
    Shed o'er his heart their power.

Mild was thy reign, though short thy sway ;  
Man, restless man, soon went astray,  
    By lawless passion driven ;

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

He followed War, and Hate, and Pride,  
And thou with Mercy at thy side,  
Regain'dst thy native heaven !

When shall that voice be heard again,  
' Peace ! Peace ! on earth, good will to men !'  
Resounding from afar ?  
As, when at lowly JESUS' birth,  
Thou once didst dwell with man on earth,  
And shepherds blest thy Star !

*December 1813.*

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

STANZAS

ON THE PREMATURE DEATH OF A LADY.

— Memory still, with more than Egypt's art,  
Embalming every grief that wounds the heart,  
Sits at the altar she has raised to Woe,  
And feeds the source whence tears must ever flow.

J. P. CURRAN.

IN visions of the night I bless my fate,  
For then I'm happy, as in days of yore ;  
But morning comes, and I am desolate  
As shipwreck'd sailor on a desert shore :  
Her chair is empty ;—she returns no more,  
Till the cold grave delivers up its trust :—  
These vain illusions seem but to restore  
Her much loved form ;—in vain the sculptor's bust  
Would image back the mind of her who sleeps in dust !  
  
Affection's tear may now unheeded flow,  
Or tremble in the dim and grief-worn eye,  
Since she who soothed a husband's every woe,  
The balm of comfort can no more supply.



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Too early has she sought her native sky,  
For one so good, affectionate, and mild—  
She with the sorrowful oft heaved a sigh,  
Or, with the light of heart, the hour beguil'd—  
A stranger stray'd from heaven—Simplicity's own child.

The summer gave her to a husband's arms,  
Clothed in the richness of Hygeia's bloom ;  
The autumn came, and nipt her opening charms,  
And winter laid her in the silent tomb.  
Such is, O frail mortality ! thy doom—  
And Nature bids me weep since she is torn  
From those she loved. But Faith dispels the gloom ;  
And Hope, with heavenward eyes, views her upborne,  
Where Death can never come—where man no more  
shall mourn !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

O YES! I OFTEN THINK OF HER.

MUSIC BY T. REED.

O YES! I often think of her,  
And of our bridal day ;  
The village maids were all a-stir  
With hearts, like Nature, gay :  
'Twas then the merry month of June,  
And balmy blew the breeze ;  
The little birds were all in tune,  
And leafy were the trees.

O yes ! I often think of her  
Who met an early doom ;  
And as the mournful day returns  
Weep, joyless, o'er her tomb :  
For summer comes, and trees and flowers  
Are beauteous as before ;  
The birds sing sweet in leafy bowers,  
But she returns no more !

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

O no ! I never can forget  
The tones of that sweet voice ;  
Each look is well remember'd yet  
That made my heart rejoice ;—  
Thus, thus I spend my days in care,  
My nights in sad regret ;—  
Another in this heart may share,  
But her I'll ne'er forget !

THOU'RT GANE AWA. (19)

Air—Haud awa frae me, Donald.

THOU'RT gane awa, far awa,  
Far awa frae me, Donald ;  
Sair I mourn the dulefu' day  
That parted me frae thee, Donald.  
Blythe we met by Loch-na-gair  
When baith were fancy-free, Donald ;  
Life wi' a' its comin care,  
Seem'd bricht as mornin's ee, Donald.

Now sad to me the gloamin hour—  
Sad the trystin tree, Donald ;  
Love's sweet spell has lost its power  
Since I lost sicht o' thee, Donald.  
Wae betide the pennon gay,  
The gowd that tempted thee, Donald ;  
Dames mair dink may cross thy way,  
But nane can lo'e like me, Donald.

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

My lips to you ne'er breathed the flame  
That sparkled i' my ee, Donald,  
Tho' aft I dream'd o' happy hame,  
Cheer'd by love and thee, Donald.  
Thou hast dream'd o' scenes mair bricht,  
Far ayont the sea, Donald ;—  
Gane art thou—and I the slicht  
O' luckless love maun dree, Donald !

IMPROMPTU.

THREE JEANS, I'm told, reside in Cove—  
And I'm in love with Jean ;  
And all are curious to know  
Which is the one I mean.

Now, be it known to each fair maid,  
That I'm a fickle man ;  
Sometimes I flirt ' wi' bonnie Jean,'  
Sometimes with Mary-Ann.

To Jessie I have offered vows  
More lasting than old time ;  
And Bell I've sworn to make my spouse—  
But then—it was *in rhyme*.

Still as the world proclaims it Jean—  
(The little world of Cove) ;  
Then mark me well, and I'll describe  
The ladye that I love.

In dining-hall, or drawing-room,  
She moves with ease and grace ;

And when she sings, her angel mind  
Is beaming in her face !

The moonbeam plays with fitful glance,  
Upon the restless ocean ;  
But when *she* thrids the mazy dance,  
'Tis poetry in motion.

Her eyes are of the azure blue  
That decks the vault of heaven ;  
Her lips are of the coral's hue ;  
Her skin like snow new driven.

She is nor talkative nor mute ;  
Her blush is like the dawn ;  
A handsome waist—and light of foot  
As any forest fawn.

If such a one you chance to meet  
Upon the mall at Cove ;  
In church—in chapel—or in street—  
O that's my Ladye love !

*Spike Island, Cove of Cork.*

TO LAURA.

BLEST LAURA ! maid of spotless soul,

Whose strains are to my listening ears  
Deep as the solemn organ's roll—  
Sweet as the music of the spheres !

From female pen the praise how sweet ;  
And, Laura, much I prize thy wishes ;  
Unstained by sin—for angel meet—  
And pure as Beauty's first-born blushes !

I've ever found dear woman's breast  
The resting-place—the sacred cell ;—  
On earth, the fabled halcyon's nest—  
The ark where all the virtues dwell.

Such heart is thine, thou peerless maid—  
A sanctuary pure and holy,  
That courts not this vain world's parade,  
For worth is ever meek and lowly !



LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

LINES

ON RECEIVING A SEAL WITH THE MOTTO,

‘THANK ROWLAND HILL FOR THIS.’

THANKS, ROWLAND HILL, a thousand thanks !

A penny now each letter franks ;

And, when the answer comes this way,

Not e’en a penny we’ve to pay.

Thou thus within our reach hast brought

Quick interchange of heart and thought :

Poets may pen a smart epistle,

And then, ‘ a penny buys the whistle ;’

Rich merchants, sober and jocose,

Send, or receive, a page of prose ;

While lovers, with their hearts full sore,

May scribble pages three or four,

And send them at the self-same cost,

Swift on the wings of Penny Post !

Statesmen have lived a nation’s pride,

And warriors for their country died—

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

O ROWLAND HILL, be this thy boast,  
An universal Penny Post !  
The giant Steam and thou combined  
Shall keep pace with the March of Mind,  
While babes unborn thy name shall bless,  
And cry, ' Thank ROWLAND HILL for this !'

LET TOPERS SING IN PRAISE OF WINE.

Ans—Willie brewed a peck o' maut.

LET topers sing in praise of wine,  
Their midnight balls, their mirth and glee ;  
Auld Scotland's sons may fidge fu' fain  
While they hae routh o' barley-bree.  
The workman, wha has toiled a' day,  
Sits down at nicht frae labour free ;  
See, care is fled ! his smile how gay,  
When owre a stoup o' barley-bree.

Gif onie man, in barlikhood,  
Should wi' his neebor disagree,  
Let them baith gang in social mood,  
And settle't owre the barley-bree :  
For barley drink, wad they but think,  
Is cheaper than a lawyer's fee ;—  
Though sairly vex'd, ay mind the text—  
Its best to ' tak a pint and gree.'

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Ken ye the witty Willie Clark ?

A leárnéd man, I trow, is he ;  
And nought to him is deep or dark,  
When seated by the barley-bree.  
He tells a tale—he sings a sang—  
While fast the merry moments flee ;  
A winter nicht, though ne'er sae lang,  
Seems short when ' Willie's wig's a-jee !'

French brandy is but trash—shame fa't !

Jamaica rum I downa pree ;  
Gie me the pith o' Scottish maut,  
Aboon them baith it bears the gree.  
When I've a bawbee in my pouch,  
I aften birl it frank and free ;  
To Care, the carline, I ne'er crouch—  
The life o' man is barley-bree !

THE KAIL-BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND. (30)

(NEW VERSION.)

AIR—The roast-beef of Old England.

THE Genius of Scotland lang wept owre our woes,  
But now that we've gotten baith peace and repose,  
We've kits fu' o' butter—we've cogs fu' o' brose :  
O ! the kail-brose of auld Scotland,  
And O ! for the Scottish kail-brose.

Nae mair shall our cheeks, ance sae lean and sae wan,  
Hing shilpit and lank, like a bladder half-blawn ;  
Our lang runkl'd painches will now, like a can,  
Be stentit wi' brose o' auld Scotland,  
The stiff, stughie, Scottish kail-brose.

Now our Sawnies and Maggies, as hard as the horn,  
At e'en blythe will dance, yet work fell the neist morn ;  
They'll haud baith the French and their puddocks in  
scorn,

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

While fed on the brose o' auld Scotland,  
Large luggies o' Scottish kail-brose.

There's our brave Forty-second, in Egypt wha fought,  
Wi' Invincibles styled, wham they soon set at nought;  
But the Frenchmen ne'er dreamt that sic wark could  
be wrought;

For they kent na the brose o' auld Scotland,  
The poust that's in Scottish kail-brose.

Again, at the battle o' red Waterloo,  
How they pricket and proget the French thro' and  
thro';  
Some ran, and some rode—and some look'd rather blue,  
As they fled frae the sons o' auld Scotland,  
Frae the chiels that were fed upon brose.

To tell ilka feat wherein Scotsmen hae shone,  
Is vain to attempt, they're sae numerous grown;  
For where will you meet wi' mair muscle and bone  
Than is bred on the brose o' auld Scotland,  
The rib-prapping Scottish kail-brose?

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

Then join me all ye to whom Scotland is dear,  
And loud let us sing o' the chief o' her cheer ;  
Let cutties and cogs shaw our hearts are sincere,  
While we welcome the brose o' auld Scotland,  
The braw halesome Scottish kail-brose !

---

EPIGRAM

ON READING AN ADVERTISEMENT,

STATING THAT ' THE WOODS, MOUNTAINS, AND PLANTATIONS ON THE  
EARL OF MOUNTCASHELL'S ESTATE HAD BEEN THICKLY  
POISONED TO PRESERVE GAME.'

·VERDURE no more shall clothe the field—  
Rich foliage the trees ;  
Nor summer flowers their perfume yield,  
To scent the evening breeze :  
The Dryads from their haunts have flown,  
The Naiads left the fountains ;  
For why ? Mountcashell, be it known,  
Has poisoned woods and mountains.

THE MINSTREL. (21)

‘ KEEN blows the wind o’er Donocht-head,  
The snaw drives snelly thro’ the dale,  
The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,  
And, shivering, tells his waefu’ tale:—  
Cauld is the night, O let me in,  
And dinna let your Minstrel fa’,  
And dinna let his winding-sheet  
Be naething but a wreath o’ snaw.

‘ Full ninety winters hae I seen,  
And pip’d where gor-cocks whirring flew,  
And mony a day ye’ve danc’d, I ween,  
To lils which frae my drone I blew.—  
My Eppie wak’d, and soon she cried,  
Get up, gudeman, and let him in ;  
For weel ye ken the winter night  
Was short when he began his din.



‘ My Eppie’s voice, O wow its sweet !  
E’en tho’ she bans and scaulds a wee :  
But when its tun’d to sorrow’s tale,  
O, haith, its doubly dear to me !  
Come in auld carle, I’ll steer my fire,  
And mak it bleeze a bonnie flame ;  
Your bluid is thin, ye’ve tint the gate,  
Ye shouldna stray sae far frae hame.—

‘ Nae hame hae I, the Minstrel said,  
Sad party-strife o’erturned my ha’ ;  
And, weeping at the eve o’ life,  
I wander thro’ a wreath o’ snaw.’—  
Waes me, auld carle, sad is your tale !  
Your wallet’s toom—your cleeding thin ;  
Mine’s no the hand to steek the door  
When want and wae wad fain be in.

We took him ben,—we set him doun,  
And soon the ingle bleez’d fu’ hie ;  
The auld man thought himsel at hame,  
And dried the tear-drap frae his ee,

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

He took his pipes, and play'd a spring—  
Sad was the strain, and full of woe;  
In Fancy's ear it seem'd to wail  
A free-born nation's overthrow.

---

EPIGRAM,

VIDE PAGE 181.

MOUNTCASHELL's skill outstrips the Bill ; (22)  
His pill the end will serve ;  
While doctors kill against their will,  
He poisons to preserve !

*Cork, August 1833.*

## LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

### SCOTTISH MUSIC.

—— Strike up, my masters !

But touch the cords with a religious softness ;  
Teach sound to warble through the night's dull ear,  
Till Melancholy start from her lazy couch,  
And Carelessness grow convert to attention.

OLD PLAY.

O SWEET are Scotland's lyric strains,  
Of days long past the sole remains ;  
By nameless bards her lays were sung,  
And saved by dark Tradition's tongue.  
But sweeter far than Doric rhyme  
Her melodies of the olden time ;  
O sweet are they as mavis' note  
Wild-warbled through its little throat ;  
Sweet as the skylark's early strain,  
When Spring walks tiptoe o'er the plain ;  
Soft as the breeze at evening's close,  
When dew hangs on the blushing rose ;  
Soft, soft as Beauty's love-fraught sigh  
Beneath a watchful guardian's eye ;

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

More plaintive than the blackbird's song,  
When evening stills the choral throng ;  
More mournful than the nightingale,  
When not a whisper stirs the vale ;  
As simple as the cuckoo's lay  
Heard from the wood at close of day ;  
Or angels' harps, when martyrs die,  
Heard chiming from the balmy sky !

O when shall I on Fife's loved plain  
List Scottish melodies again,  
As erst on winter nights so drear,  
They fell on my delighted ear  
And charmed my soul ? The sooth to say,  
The cares of life would pass away  
Unnoted ; while the hours flew by  
On the glad wings of melody.  
Now sad of heart, and dull of ear  
My native strains I may not hear.

O when shall Roslin's ruined wall  
The memory of the past recall ?

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

That chaunt, as sweet as lovers' vows—  
‘The bonnie broom o’ Cowdenknowes?’  
‘Auld Robin Gray,’ and Jenny’s woes;  
Or ‘Barbara Allan’s’ mournful close;  
Or ‘Gala Water,’ round me roll—  
Or ‘Ewe-bughts, Marion,’ thrill my soul?  
When shall I list that plaintive lay,  
‘The forest flowers are wede away?’  
O’er my lone heart the notes prevail  
Of ‘Waly, Waly’s’ woeful tale?  
That wail so touching, soft, and tender,  
‘Ah woes my heart that we should sunder?’  
Or that sad dirge, without a marrow—  
‘My true love found a grave in Yarrow?’  
Or ‘Highland Mary’s’ heavenly strain  
Suffuse my eyes with tears again?  
For simple words, and music’s tone,  
Can make another’s woes our own;  
And I have o’er the harp-strings bent,  
Rapt in song’s sweetest ravishment!—  
Enchanting strains! rude, simple, wild,  
I’ve loved you from a very child;

LAYS AND LYRICS.

---

When, wedded to the poet's song,  
Your thrilling tones are all divine :  
The mingled strains my joys prolong—  
The happy past again is mine ;—  
I live in days of Auld Langsyne !  
Mute is my harp, and closed the strain—  
Nor shall I wake its notes again !

*Spike Island, Cove of Cork.*

## **APPENDIX.**





## FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

~~~~~  
TO C—— G——,

SPIKE ISLAND, COVE OF CORK.

AND who art thou, that far away,  
Where half-fed, half-clad Paddies stray,  
And 'midst life's many ups and downs—  
Through cities, villages, and towns,  
Revertest still, with saddened gaze,  
To early life's unclouded days—  
In verse so playful, sweet, and true ;—  
Speak, kindred spirit—who art thou ?—  
Hast thou and I been whipped at school,  
And taught by time to play the fool,  
By learning rule on rule by rote,  
Of which we did not know a jot ?  
Have we at *taw* or *shinty* played,  
In boyhood's academic shade,  
Or tumbled on some fairy knowe ;—  
Speak, gentle stranger—who art thou ?—

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

Have we in college area been,  
When blood was warm and life was green ?  
When gowned professors passed along,  
Were you and I amidst the throng ?  
And have we, just to pass the time,  
Translated *Œdipus* to rhyme ?  
A task we ne'er could compass now ;—  
Speak, playful spirit—who art thou ?—

\* \* \* \* \*

Hast thou by Edin's sunny hills—  
By Pentland's lone and mossy rills,  
By that all-hallowed still retreat  
'Twixt Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat,  
By moonlight, lit, at noon of night,  
Seen heaven all splendid in thy sight ;  
Whilst all thy heaven beneath the sky  
Was laughing—talking—smiling by ?—  
Then welcome here—my heart is true  
To all such honest folks as you :  
I'll meet thee next when summer hours  
Unbind the glebe and sun the flowers—  
When winter blasts have fled away,  
And autumn gives the schools the play ;  
Such is my wish, if not my plan—  
I'll meet thee at the Isle of Man.—  
On woman's seeming fairy isle,  
Where Cupids sport and Graces smile,

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

We both have been—and ne'er again  
Can be bewitched as we were then,  
When lip to lip, and eye to eye,  
The golden hours sped swiftly by :  
But now we'll do what still we can—  
Our trysting spot, the Isle of Man.—  
Meantime, if aught thou art of earth,  
Or from our island hast thy birth,  
Return my challenge, black and white,  
For deftly art thou taught to write.

\* \* \* \* \*

T—— G——.

*St Andrews, 30th Nov. 1832.*

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ANSWER TO T—— G——,

ST ANDREWS.

AND who am I?—Alas! the day  
When I from Scotland took my way ;  
For well I love her moorland downs,  
Her cities, villages, and towns,  
Where, glad of heart and bright of eye,  
Her lasses trip sae lightsome by :  
O well I love her heather hills,  
Her grouse, her whaaps wi' scythe-like bills ;

N

Her mellow mavis' e'ning hymn ;  
 Her lochs, where ocean-treasures swim ;  
 Her trees of fir—her castles lone—  
 Her mountain-torrents' mournful moan ;  
 Her rills, in summer, gushing, leaping  
 O'er linns, their course to ocean keeping ;  
 Her daisies in spring's early day,  
 Like stars that gem the milky way ;  
 Her thistles wi' their taps o' down—  
 Her ' knuckled cakes weel toasted brown' ;  
 Her gusty haggis, rich and rare,  
 Which fools deride, and wise men share ;  
 Her daft days, famed for social glee,  
 Her joy-inspiring barley bree !

Yes ! well I love her shaggy woods,  
 Her glens and mountain solitudes ;  
 Where Silence sleeps within her cell,  
 And fairies sport, and brownies dwell ;  
 Her mists, on ether's wings upborne ;  
 The stillness of her Sabbath morn ;  
 Her merry dancers, shifting, streaming  
 From pole to zenith—flaffing, gleaming ;  
 Her headlands, spurning ocean's wave ;  
 Her beacons, that direct the brave ;  
 Her friths—auld Neptune's legs and arms—  
 Her theekit stack-yards—cosie farms—

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

Her rigs that wave wi' golden grain,  
In jolly Autumn's rural reign ;  
Her rivers rushing to the sea,  
Are all, though distant, dear to me !

And who am I, sae far frae Tweed,  
That try to tune the Doric reed—  
The reed that Allan Ramsay blew,  
To pastoral life and nature true—  
The reed that Ferguson essayed,  
In concert with the writer-trade—  
The pipe on which dame Nature's child  
Ance warbled forth his ' wood notes wild ?'  
Saftly they fell on ' bennie Doon'—  
' Auld hermit Ayr' danced to the tune,  
And ' sweeping Nith' took up the strain,  
And bore it proudly to the main ;  
Far east, o'er ocean-waves it rolled,  
Where Ganges laves his sands of gold ;  
Broad Mississippi, in the west,  
The magic of his song confessed ;  
And late his strains have soothed the soul  
Of seamen searching for the pole.  
Auld Scotland ! could I wi' a sonnet  
But add a feather to thy bonnet,  
The honour o't I wadna barter  
E'en for a glitterin' star and garter.

And who am I, you ask again,  
 Who verses write in 'playful' strain?  
 Whose heart with grief at times is swelling?  
 Abide ye, lad—that takes some telling.  
 My name I'll waive, but this I'll grant,  
 Just now, I'm poet militant,  
 With pen in hand, resolved to write,  
 And pay you back in 'black and white':  
 My slip-shod gipsy of a muse,  
 Such 'challenge' never did refuse;  
 Sometimes ideas might be scant—  
 Of rhymes she never felt the want.  
 At other times I play the sodger—  
 A castle, or a barrack lodger;—  
 Years twenty-eight I've fairly spent,  
 Since first the king styled me a gent.:  
 By land and sea I've braved some dangers,  
 In concert with the bold 'Globe Rangers';  
 And fifteen months hae passed awa  
 Since I lost sight o' Largo Law;  
 And Fife, as by St Abb's we flew,  
 Sank dimly in the distant blue.

O leeze me on St Andrews town,  
 Where learning stalks wi' 'sleeveless gown';  
 And 'wa' flowers o' a yellow dye,  
 Glowr dowie o'er the ruins high;

How should I like to meet you there,  
 Snug-seated in Buchanan's chair.  
 Certes, we twa hae never strayed,  
 ' In boyhood's academic shade ;'  
 Nor in the ' college area' played ;  
 But I—I feel a pride in pennin' 't—  
 Hae biggit sandy-mills wi' Tennant ;  
 And 'mid the shouts and schoolboy clamours,  
 I've bickered stanes wi' Doctor Chalmers.  
 Nae *Alma Mater* can I boast of—  
 What lear I got I've made the most of ;  
 Her iron yetts she on me steekit ;  
 In at her windows I ne'er keekit ;  
 For I was taught in borough school,  
 By ane that knew not how to rule :  
 In sooth I was a wayward boy,  
 And left my grammar for a ploy,  
 And Practice and the Rule of Three  
 Gave way to play and poesy.  
 But though I never once was able  
 To sit down at a college table,  
 Dame Nature, kind, has thought it fit  
 To grant ' an ounce of mother wit ;'  
 Blest boon ! for that, I need not charge ye,  
 Is worth, at least, ' a pound of clergy ;'  
 By and out-owre, I've some pretence  
 To twa-three grains o' common sense :

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

Hail, Common Sense ! the good man's guide,  
The statesman's prop, the patriot's pride ;  
'Tis by thy aid, when ills are rife,  
We steer us through the shoals of life ;  
'Tis by thy help that cash is clarkit,  
And honest bodies mak their market :  
With thee what being can dispense ?  
Blest, sober, social, Common Sense !

What though you are unknown to me ?  
What though your face I ne'er may see ?  
Till death this fleeting tenor ends,  
Your name shall grace my list of friends.  
Friendship and Love—I owe them much ;  
Who has not felt their magic touch ?  
Is there a heart so dead, so lone,  
That owns no empire but its own ?  
At Friendship's shrine I've bent the knee,  
And she has sweetened life to me.  
Aft when a friendly face appears,  
A day will do the work of years :  
Minds, magic-like, has been cemented,  
Amalst afore their owners kent it.  
• Though neither ' doctor' nor ' divine,'  
My heart, in turn, ' is knit to thine ;'  
For we have watched at gloamin hour,  
And felt sweet Inspiration's power ;



FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

'Soft gliding, without step,' she came  
And touched our lips with sacred flame,  
While words would flow in sweetest chime,  
Of which we wove the mystic rhyme.—  
Though I ne'er set a foot in college,  
I've sent a son to pick up knowledge :  
St Andrews is his *Alma Mater*—  
O be to him a guiding *pater* !  
Let him of Learning's crumbs partake,  
And love him for his father's sake :  
His mother's first and darling boy—  
Long may he prove a father's joy !—  
The spell is broke that lately bound me,  
And dark midnight is brooding round me :  
Farewell ! but ere I close this strain,  
Let me not urge my suit in vain ;—  
Sing, tuneful stranger, sing again !

C—— G——.

*Spike Island, Cove of Cork,  
25th December 1832.*

---

REPLY TO C—— G——.

THAT thou art one of Scottish breed,  
There needs no evidence indeed,  
Save that thy tongue, and heart, and hand,  
A Scottish rhymster can command.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

For what am I ?—my father's son—  
Nor yet descended from ' a gun ;'(23)  
For he ne'er thumpit cushion dusty,  
Nor read from papers somewhat musty,  
Nor—gospel-gabbit—still kept flyting,  
The lasses aye wi' mischief wyting ;  
But a plain honest decent carle—  
(Now snooving through the ither warl')—  
Wi' plaid o'er shoulder—and a stick  
As thick—at least amaist as thick—  
As this my civic baton here,  
Two inches in diameter.

Now what am I ?—a bird of sang—  
A bumbee—singing birds amang ;  
An insect ever on the wing—  
An elf—a wee bit fairy thing,  
That is or is not—passing by—  
With tiny pipe, and quizzing eye—  
With note of grasshopper contending—  
To silence ' opposition' sending.  
But thou—why stand'st thou there in view,  
And try we thus to measure you ?  
Great U—all other letters topping—  
And into *pics-dillos* lopping.  
In Egypt, Memphis, Thebes, I think,  
There stands a statue without chink,

Made of one stone, enormous, high,  
And seeming maist to prop the sky :  
Beside, beneath, this monstrous stone,  
Stands there an image all alone—  
Of common growth, which to the eye  
Seems only some three inches high ;  
Thus i and U, beside each other—  
The major and the minor brother—  
Contrasting stand in large and little,  
A steeple and potato bittle.

But let that flee stick to the wa',  
And onward let me kick the ba'  
Of rhyme—' sans reason'—bounding high,  
As if to clour the very sky ;  
And then rebounding into earth,  
Exciting wonderment and mirth ;  
' For rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
Whereby, like ships, they steer their courses ;'  
But my poor boat—a crazy wherry,  
Deep-labouring through a stormy ferry,  
Without a rudder, oar, or sail—  
With all December in her tail,  
Bounds, rolls, and tumbles round and round—  
Now high a top, now near the ground—  
Like to a duckling in a gale—  
Neb down, tail up—neb up, down tail !

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

Come hither, duckie, let me pluck  
One feather more, my pretty duck,  
And I will sup and take my toddy,  
And drink the health of that queer'body  
That in Spike Island, Cove of Cork,  
The lee-lang day is hard at work,  
Yet owns a heart, and genius, too,  
To Scotland and to nature true.

To Scotland—ah my fatherland !  
Had I Sir Prospero's wand,  
And wishing-cap of ancient speed,  
I'd quickly mount a fairy steed,  
And off, and off on wings of day,  
I'd speed me o'er her hills away.  
The Grampian range should 'neath me lie,  
In wild confusion, like a sky  
Of autumn clouds, in piled array,  
That skirt the close of harvest day.  
Ben Lomond ! o'er thy bestling steep  
I'd stoop in one ecstatic peep,  
And fling my soul o'er lake and sea,  
Commingle with sublimity ;  
Then by Leadhills and Lowther Fell,  
I'd stoop to pluck the heather bell—  
Auld Scotland's emeralds, which she  
Wore from her birth, aboon her bree,

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

Ere Bruce and Bannockburn her name,  
Had fixed amidst the rolls of fame.  
Queensberry next should stop my flight,  
Filling my heart with all delight ;  
For there, in early sunny life,  
Whilst yet unknown to folks of Fife,  
I wandered oft at peep of dawn,  
With hazel fishing-rod in han'—  
'Midst mist, and spret, and rushy holm,  
Out-spreading far the horse-hair toom,  
O'er stream, and pool, and breezy whirl,  
Where from the brow the eddies swirl ;  
And still, as luck would will the deed,  
Projecting swiftly o'er my head,  
The fine, plump, yellow-sided flapper,  
'Midst spret and gutter-dub to splatter,  
Till fairly nestled in my bag,  
She ceased or head or tail to wag.

Baskets may suit the titled imp,  
With shoe-clad feet and body jimp,  
Whom dear mamma has decked and paired,  
His nails well cut, his blue coat haired ;  
But bags for boys o' low degree—  
Such and such-like as barefoot me ;  
These are the things for ' dozens twenty !'  
There's room in that lank pock for plenty,

For barefoot, ragged, splattered—all—  
 The cottage lout takes great and small ;  
 No mercy he for minnow shews,  
 But quickly bags him, to repose  
 Beside the chieftain of the flood,  
 And eel just trailed from slimy mud.  
 Oh streams ! quick to my sight appear,  
 In noon-day radiance sparkle clear ;  
 Or 'midst the mist of early day,  
 In dark brown eddies roll away ;  
 Your windings keep 'midst sheep-clad hills,  
 Where ever gush the living rills ;  
 Where raven croaks from stunted thorn,  
 And hawks on sweeping wings are borne,  
 And plaid-clad shepherds crown the steep,  
 O'er which the mossy fountains leap :  
 Your banks and braes, and winding path,  
 I'll sing them with my latest breath ;  
 And in some daisy-studded glen,  
 Away from breath or hum of men,  
 Beneath heaven's own eternal sky,  
 There let it be my fate to die.

A friend I had—his name was Gray—  
 He sped from Belfast far away  
 To Indian shore, and there he died,  
 His consort sleeping by his side ;

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

His heart was warm, his eye was bright,  
With brain-struck intellectual light ;  
I loved him well—I loved him true,  
And now I transfer all to you ;  
Be thou my Gray—my king of men.  
So here I drop my duck-wing pen,  
In hopes to hear from thee again ;  
For by this stump, o' stumps the wale,  
And by my duck and by her tail,  
I'll match thee all to sticks in blether :—  
So sings, or says, your rhyming brither.—  
Then fly my answer o'er the sea,  
Thus warranted—' the true T. G.'

*St Andrews, 8th January 1833.*

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ANSWER TO T—— G——.

A FRIEND—a partial one, suppose—  
Thus wrote to me in honest prose :  
' Your forte, dear Gray, is Scottish song'—  
(A partial friend is often wrong)—  
So on I went, as I'm alive,  
Until I published twenty-five !  
For this my lyric resolution,  
Vide, months past, the *Constitution*. (24)

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

But time the touchstone is of truth,—  
I've been a scribbler from my youth,  
Yet ne'er could reach the true sublime ;  
My forte's not song, but Scottish rhyme ;  
Of this I'll quickly give a proof  
By scribbling couplets ' clean aff-loof,'—  
Part sense—part nonsense ; rhyming blether,  
As lang as Hawkie's hairan tether :  
Though it may sober men provoke,  
In fact, rhyme is our shuttlecock ;  
While the *Advertiser*, as before,  
Shall play the part of battledore ;  
And I this night before I sup,  
Will try once more to ' keep it up.'

Guld guide us, man ! I stared outright,  
To see you tak your fairy flight  
O'er Grampian hills, and big Ben Lomon' ;  
I thought that ye were this way comin' ;  
Then by Leadhills and Lowther Fell,  
Where grows auld Scotland's heather-bell,  
Soaring you went o'er low and high land,  
Resolved, nae doubt, to view Spike Island ;  
Queensberry stopped such good design—  
For there, wi' rod and fishin' line,  
You daundered a' the lee-lang day,  
Nor thought of Spike or rhymers Gray ;



At e'en, with elegiac strain,  
You laid you down in gowany glen,  
Far frae the breath or hum of men ;  
And there, as slowly sank the sun,  
Fell fast asleep, your journey done.—  
Voltaire, a name of great renown,  
Who never loved a parson's gown,—  
On favourite study most intent,  
Upon whatever subject bent—  
Start but a churchman—off—away,  
Like sportsman eager for his prey,  
He kept his eye upon the gown—  
Through pages ten he'd hunt him down !  
So you,—clap in your hand a rod,  
And turn you by some stream abroad,—  
Will leave the world and all its ways,  
To trace the haunts of early days.—  
But rouse ye, lad, lest gowks laugh at us,  
Leave trouting streams and Fortunatus ;  
His cap is lost,—and, mair betoken,  
The wand of Prospero's broken ;  
Of such things now folks never dream ;—  
Suppose you try the giant Steam !  
From Thames' banks he weekly shoots  
To Dublin, in his seven-leagued boots ;  
In given time he'll do his work,  
And land you safe at Cove of Cork ;

And that, be't known, is just a mile  
 From where I write—Spike's little isle :  
 Here of my friendship I'll give some proof,  
 And lodge you safely in a bomb-proof,  
 Where prowling ' White Feet' never stray,  
 Nor ' Terry Alt' e'er found his way.  
 In sunny days away we'll rove,  
 And promenade the mall at Cove,  
 Where daily all the fair convene,  
 To walk, and talk—see, and be seen.  
 Dark be the day, and dull the hour,  
 When I forget bright Beauty's power !  
 I ne'er invoke the Muses nine,  
 When two bright eyes upon me shine ;  
 (And many a sparkling eye is there)—  
 Then come, my friend, and view the fair :  
 To me this seems a better plan,  
 Than meeting at the Isle of Man.

Right well I knew my namesake Gray, (35)  
 Ere he to India sped away :  
 Alas ! that he, or any such,  
 Should seek thy barren kingdom, Cutch !  
 Where not a tree the eye surveys,  
 As shelter from Sol's burning rays :  
 But, far as can the eye command,  
 A boundless waste of arid sand.

Yet to this sterile land he bore  
 A mind brimful of classic lore ;  
 He threw the poet's mantle by,  
 And donn'd the robe of sanctity ;  
 And laboured with a might—a zeal,  
 That none but Christians know or feel.  
 Well have you said his eye was bright,  
 And gleamed with intellectual light ;—  
 The poet's glance to him was given,  
 Which scans the earth and pierces heaven ;  
 A warmth of heart—a depth of mind,  
 The father and the friend combined.  
 He loved my homely lays,—(' and ne'er  
 Was flattery lost on rhymers' ear ;')  
 Though for the critic's eye unmeet,  
 He praised my songs when praise was sweet.

We often met in days of yore ;  
 Ah could we live such moments o'er !  
 What time DAN WILSON<sup>(20)</sup> filled the chair,  
 And swayed, of wit, the sceptre there ;  
 (Not the cathedra-chair of college,  
 From which he now dispenses knowledge,  
 But that gay chair, the tavern's throne,  
 'Fore which like stars the glasses shone.)  
 Chairs have I seen,—but let me tell,  
 I never saw one filled so well.

Song, wit, and humour ne'er before  
 Combined in such a merry splore,  
 To ' set the table in a roar.'

In Young's, <sup>(27)</sup> hard by the Tron Kirk bell,  
 Who yet a tale of us could tell ;—  
 (Like chaos, Ambrose <sup>(28)</sup> lay in night,  
 No star was seen on Gabriel's height ;  
 The Noctes were not ;—wit and glee  
 As yet lay in the Snuggery !)  
 There oft we met, and once did share  
 The chief of Scotland's dainty fare,  
 And many a son of song was there :—  
 There sat JAMES WILSON, <sup>(29)</sup> bent on fun,  
 Surcharged with quiddit, joke, and pun ;  
 There GRIEVE, <sup>(30)</sup> benevolent and kind ;  
 And PRINGLE, <sup>(31)</sup> modest and refined ;  
 M'DIARMID, <sup>(32)</sup> Scottish to the core,  
 With speech on speeches running o'er ;  
 And FOWLER, <sup>(33)</sup> on *Bouts-Rimés* bent,  
 Whose mouth was full of merriment !  
 In days long past, ah ! mony a time,  
 We twa hae tried our strength in rhyme ;  
 But years hae fled since grass and gowan,  
 In Crail's kirkyard were o'er thee growin !  
 There TENNANT <sup>(34)</sup> sat, reserved and shy,  
 With humour lurking in his eye ;

And GRAY,<sup>(35)</sup> his satellite, hard by ;  
There CAMPBELL<sup>(36)</sup> would our mirth prolong,  
With an ' Anthology ' of song ;  
' Why wait you by the tide,' and then,  
Ho ! ' Donald Caird is come again :'  
And others fond of rhyme were there,  
Right glad in such a ploy to share.  
But stop,—why have I left unsung  
The SHEPHERD,<sup>(37)</sup> wi' his southland tongue ?  
(What though his speech and garb were rustic—  
To man, his mind and manners must stick ;  
Of birth and blood why raise a clatter,  
Since mind must ever outweigh matter ?)  
With plaid across his shoulder flung,  
And in his nieve a hazel rung ;  
Wi' gaucy face—Shaksperian brow—  
I think I hear him even now,  
Pour forth, in measure bold and free,  
Some strain of border minstrelsy ;  
Or chaunting, in a milder tone,  
Some pastoral ditty of his own ;  
For none but he might safely choose  
To court auld Scotland's rustic muse :  
Much I lament, my dear T. G.,  
That you partook not of our glee.  
Years twenty-two are at an end,  
Since first I called the Shepherd friend :

When late to London town he came,  
To fill his purse, and spread his fame,—  
(The fame he got—but, oh the curse!  
Fame never fill'd an empty purse.)  
He left the nobles of the land,  
And brought a BURNS (39) in his right hand;  
At Woolwich graced our festive board,  
With wines and dainties richly stored,  
While Music threw her spell around,  
'Till Thames's banks seemed Scottish ground;—  
He drank his toddy—sipped his wine,  
Sung, laughed, and talked o' auld langsyne;  
And vowed that he had never spent  
A night more to his heart's content.  
I thank thee, Shepherd, for that treat,—  
Landmarks like these in life are sweet.  
The thoughts and deeds of early days  
Have ever claimed the poet's lays;  
But I prefer such reminiscence,  
For why? mind is its very essence.

Right seldom am I gien to ban,  
But by my pen frae wing o' swan—  
(JAMES DOBIE (39) gave that quill to me,  
When I was on an Ayrshire spree,  
And I ne'er met on sea or lan',  
A kinder or a better man! )—

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

I swear that I will never strike,  
Till I have seen you here in Spike ;  
Or, better still, where fancy wakes,  
In that dear land—' the Land o' Cakes.'  
What care I for your ' duck-wing pen ?'  
Why, not a doit, ' my king of men !'  
At crambo-clink I'm not a suckling—  
I'll match my swan against your duckling :  
Nor take this for a braggart's puff,—  
Write on till I cry—' Hold, enough !'—  
Then fly my challenge o'er the sea,  
' Thus warranted,—the true C. G.'

*Spike Island, Cove of Cork, 1st Feb. 1838.*

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T— G—'S REPLY TO C— G—.

If oft I've said, again I'll say,  
' Thou art a noble fellow, Gray !'  
But truce to flattery,—hear again  
My last—but I must mend my pen,  
For such a split, and such a splutter,  
It seems as if I dipped in gutter ;—  
My last—response—I meant to say,  
The resolution died away,  
Whilst o'er my nail the point I laid,  
And to my mind my duck-quill made.

~~~~~

And now I dare thee, wizard wight  
For I shall never flee the fight,  
Whilst ink is black, and geese are *gray*,  
And fingers thus can dash away—  
(E'en take the matter as you choose,  
I do not mean ilk Gray's a goose,)—  
At such a rate that in mine eye,  
The spurty scintillations fly !  
I wonder why we did not meet  
In tavern, drawing-room, or street,  
And how attraction did not tell,  
On two that would have joyed so well  
The mutual laugh—the jibe and jeer,  
The song, the tune, the story queer,—  
The all of social life that lives—  
The all of good that fortune gives !

And have I not with WILSON been  
Till not a star of night was seen ?  
Stood right amid his kindling blaze,  
And gazed, and gloried in the gaze,  
At that hawk nose—those kindling eyes,  
Where all that's short of madness lies ?  
I've soared with him, on wing of day,  
Through liquid loveliness away,  
Cradled beside him in a car  
Of finest, brightest gossamer ;



Or giant-strung, my every limb  
Has reared a Pelion with him,  
And hurled with will the mighty mass  
Of mind-built baseless nothingness.

I've been at Ambrose's, I ween,  
And seen—ye gods, what I have seen  
And heard!—ay! such a din of wit,  
That both my ears are tinkling yet.  
There CROLY sat—observant—sly—  
A pun, a point, in either eye;  
In English phrase supremely knowing,  
Yet still for Scottish dialect shewing  
Indulgence,—whilst our Shepherd-king  
Of Ettrick Forest chose to sing:  
There GALT, with spectacles on nose,  
His every feature in repose—  
(Just like a farmer come bedeen,)—  
With all his wit and sense, was seen;  
And LOCKHART lay across his chair,  
In manner free and debonair;  
The Muses' dandy, and their boast;  
His hair in towzie ringlets tossed;  
Smoking or speaking, just in time  
To reach, 'midst clouds, the true sublime;  
Whilst round his head the vapours hove,  
He seemed the 'cloud-compelling Jove!'

And BLACKWOOD—Duke of Maga-shire—  
With all his tact and ‘cash,’ was there :  
Dear BLACKWOOD ! much I owe to thee ;  
Thou hast been kind to mine and me ;  
From thee came Maga, many a time  
Charged with ‘Juvenalis rhyme ;’<sup>(40)</sup>  
Sketches of Scottish manners bearing,  
And something more inviting, sharing ;  
Ten pounds, or five, as it was meet,  
To pay a whole, or half a sheet ;—  
The wife was love—the children drew  
Close to my chair, the notes to view,  
And gazed and wondered at the store  
Which every monthly Maga bore.

My blessings on thee, Maga !—Heaven  
To thee and eagles youth has given ;  
Thou still art young, and fresh and fair,  
But I am old, and cramped with care ;  
(I cannot frisk it as of yore—  
What time the muse aloft would soar,  
And do whate’er her master bid,—  
When LOCKHART praised and WILSON did,  
In ‘Twelfth of August,’<sup>(41)</sup> read my lays,  
And not without his share of praise.)  
My blessings on thee, Maga !—thine  
Are friendships that shall ever shine ;

To thee I owe them—Blackwood men—  
' When shall I meet their like again ?'—  
But soft and hooly—Spike or Cove  
I canna visit yet, by Jove !  
I've wife, and weans, and little siller,  
And half my stipend pays the miller ;—  
I'm but a half professor yet :  
But, my good fellow, wait a bit ;  
For by my legs, and by my troth,—  
And you and I depend on both,—  
I'll prove your bomb-proof cells, I ween,  
Your cellars, noble sir, I mean ;—  
And should you e'er in steam-boat sail  
To where the folks are fed on kail,  
Be't herring-saut, or haddock dry ;  
Be't hash, or steak, or mutton fry ;  
Be't skate—(a pie of Venus' making,  
What time the Loves and she were baking ;)—  
Be't haggis—auld gudeman o' dishes !  
To him what's a' your fries and fishes ?—  
Be't tato-broo, or sheep-head kail,—  
Whate'er the dine—I winna fail  
A tappit hen to place before ye,  
While sang shall blend wi' funny story.—  
Then come, my gallant cock, to me ;—  
And thus I rest your friend T. G.

*St Andrews, February 1833.*

AN INVITATION TO GOLF,

ADDRESSED TO MR JOHN ADAMSON, FARMER, CARHURLY,

*Kingsmuir, Fifeshire.*

O THOU whase head is somewhat curly,  
Loud-laughin, daffin, blythe Carhurly !  
Now that the kindly breath o' spring  
Maks farmers fidge, and laverocks sing,  
Come leave the Kingsmuir—miry dub !  
And bring with thee thy trusty *club* ;  
To help thee stievely owre a gutter,  
O leave not thy unerring *putter* ;  
Knowing what perils may environ  
Our purposed task,—pray bring thy *iron* ;  
And as it suits thy joyous mind  
Leave not the *spoon* and *balls* behind.  
Nay, come—for I'll tak nae denial,—  
And let us practice for the trial,—  
That trial in the month of May,  
When we must win or lose the day ;  
Cast coat and hat, and ither houstrie,  
And ding Brownhills and neibour Troustrie.  
But should it hap by luck or bad play,  
Our merry should turn out a sad day,  
Nae tears shall frae my een be drappin,  
Since time and chance to a' maun happen ;—

Nor shall I grumble in my gizzard,  
 Though you should boggle at a *hasard* ;  
 Though twice you miss the purposed stroke,  
 And at the third the club be broke.  
 These things, guid sir,—nay, dinna doubt me,  
 Can ne'er out o' my humour flout me.  
 Then come and shew us what thy tact is,  
 And spend an hour or twa at *practice*.  
 When twice o'er we hae walked the downs,  
 Suppose we ca' at Mistress Brown's—  
 Whase fare on club-days weel ye know,  
 Deserves the praises we bestow ;  
 And with keen appetite partake  
 Of fish, or fowl, or guid beef-steak—  
 (Him may stern justice for a thief take,  
 Wha canna dine upon a beef-steak !)  
 We'll then a gill or twa be sippin,  
 O' David's joy-inspiring Kippen :  
 (May his heart's bluid bound the less brisk ay,  
 Wha throws his mou' at Kippen whisky !)  
 While thus we gaily wet our leather,  
 Frae Time's wing we shall pu' a feather ;  
 And though he mak na the less haste o't,  
 His glass we'll never spier the taste o't :—  
 Tout ! let him rin, the light-heeled body,  
 Devouring sand, while we drink toddy.

*Kingsbarns, 28th March 18—.*

TO ALEXANDER BALD, Esq.

CRAIGWARD COTTAGE, ALLOA,

*With a Copy of the Author's Poems and Songs.*

DEAR SIR,

Were but my haimald Muse in tift,  
To gie my landart words a sift,  
Or lend my weak engine a lift,  
That ne'er was prime,  
I'd compliment you in a scrift  
O' Scottish rhyme.

But wae's my craws ! she canna think---  
The door is constant on the jink ;  
And bits o' bun, and draps o' drink,  
The hale day lang,  
Maks her abjure baith pen and ink,  
And rhyme and sang.

Yet whyles, blythe Bald, wi' skreeds o' rhyme,  
I let that feckfow fallow, Time,  
Gae breeahlin by ;—pleased wi' the chime  
My skill I try, lad ;  
Nor count the thriftless craft a crime---  
E'en let him fly, lad !

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

Sae while ilk nose ' the sharp year pinches,'  
I'll try to win the winsome wenches,  
Green-seated on Apollo's benches,  
                    Thrang singin sonnets,  
And buskin laurels up in bunches  
                    For bardies' bonnets.

Though BURNS, langsyne, has sought the skies,  
Still nature fair before us lies,  
And ither bards shall yet arise  
                    In favoured spots,  
' To sing their pleasures, loves, and joys,'  
                    In guid braid Scots.

A holly wreath the brow shall crown  
Of RAB GILFILLAN, pawky loon !  
In Phœbus' book his name is down  
                    Without petition ;  
Since RAB has spread through ilka town  
                    A third edition.

VEDDER, weel skilled in rural rhyme,  
Shall rin a race wi' Father Time ;  
Thrang yerkin at the true sublime,  
                    Wi' a' his might ;  
Resolved by native strength to climb  
                    Parnassus' height.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

And music, too, owre heights and howes,  
The dormant echoes shall arouse,  
Where gowans glint, and heather grows,  
And lambies bleat ;  
Soft as the broom o' Cowden-knowes—  
As Roalin sweet !

M'LEON ! upon thy natal morn  
Looked out, and smiled, the god unshorn ;  
Clapt in thy nieve a stock-and-horn,  
Which pleased thee weel ;  
And wae worth him whase gab wad scorn  
A Scottish reel !

Then may the year just new begun,  
Out-rival far the ane that's run,  
In love—in literature—in fun—  
In social quaffin ;  
In mant and meal—in baps and bun,  
And ' weel-timed daffin !'

Lang may ye live—though not till dotage—  
Ay blest wi' milk and meal for pottage ;  
Your garden never want a hot edge  
Where flowers spring quick ;  
And lang inhabit your sweet cottage  
O' Babel brick !



FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

My book—I've nought to say about it—  
Its smeddum may right weel be doubted,—  
The world wad hae run round without it;

For, lack-a-day!

Fame's trump the name has never toutit  
Of yours, C. GRAY.

*Edinburgh, 1st January 1840.*

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EPISTLE TO ROBERT INGLIS, Esq.

MARKINCH, FIFESHIRE.

YOUR letter, sir, cam safe te hand,  
Last night by nine o'clock ;  
When, round the fire, a chosen band  
Crack'd mony a noisy joke.  
I read it owre—sic was its power,  
Fu' soon it stopped their reelin ;  
I weel could trace, in ilka face,  
It touched ilk tender feelin.

The ' Vision o' the hearts o' men  
Laid open to your view,'  
Nae little did my bosom pain,  
I'm wae to think it true :

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

The savage race, wha hunt and chase  
The deer upon the hill,  
Are aften times mair free frae crimes  
Than we o' better skill.

Some mortals, ever wrapped in gloom  
And ghastly superstition,  
Ne'er view sweet nature's vernal bloom,  
But in a sour condition :  
God in his ire, in hail and fire,  
They worship and adore ;  
In drearest forms, with clouds and storms,  
They clothe the Almighty power !

Enthusiasm, wi' frantic face,  
By fause Religion fired,  
The ways o' God still tries to trace,  
And thinks hersel inspired.  
While ither some ne'er fash their thumb,  
Are pleased wi' form an' shew,  
The better part (I mean the heart),  
It never gies a throe !

Another set affect t' adore  
The God o' Love and Peace,  
Yet frae their ha' they spurn the poor  
As o' anither race :

Wi' routh o' store their cup rins o'er,  
And down they sit wi' glee ;  
*Their* God they serve, the poor may starve  
Ere they a crumb will gie.

While Bigotry, in haughty tone,  
For mankind sair is grievin ;  
And thinks that only he alone  
Shall win his way to heaven ;  
Well may we sigh ;—his charity  
Nae farther is extended  
Than to his sect (nae doubt the elect),  
Whose brows are ne'er unbended !

Mark how they deal damnation round,  
And straiten heaven's road ;—  
Presumptuous mortals ! thus to bound  
The mercy of their God.  
Can He who ever dwells in light,  
With whom there is no turning,—  
Can such a Being e'er delight  
To plunge our souls in mourning ?

To give a charge so false the lie  
Requires no angel's voice ;  
Ten thousand singing-birds that fly  
Bid humankind rejoice.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

---

The cheerful face, the heart sincere,  
The smiling clean abode,—  
Whate'er exalts our nature here  
Must pleasing be to God.

Though short and fleeting be the date  
Assigned to man below,  
He fain would lay his crimes on Fate  
As cause of all his woe :  
But let him scan the matchless plan  
Which God alone hath given ;  
Let truth preside, and reason guide  
His erring steps to heaven.

*Anstruther, April 1. 1802.*

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TO PETER M'LEOD, ESQ.,

EDINBURGH ;

*On his having set one of the Author's Scottish Songs to Music.*

INSTEAD of prose, my honest Peter,  
Accept frae me a blaud o' metre ;  
For, whate'er some folk may suppose,  
I write in verse as fast as prose.  
Of crambo-clink I'm sic a master,  
Indeed, I think I scrawl it faster ;  
And could I add to Scotland's glory,  
I'd e'en turn Improvisatore.

I'll no just say, on nae pretence,  
 I burst the bounds o' common sense ;  
 That I, at ilka time and season,  
 Pour forth at ance baith 'rhyme and reason ;'  
 But I aver, wi' judgment cool,  
 I've found it sweet to play the fool ;  
 And sweeter still, in place and time,  
 To play the fool in *Scottish rhyme* !  
 Just now I feel the words come rushing—  
 Like to a stream o' water gushing ;  
 And rhymes within my brain are bizzin,  
 Enough to fill of sheets a dizen :  
 And metaphors for vent are striving,  
 Like bees frae byke when busy hiving ;  
 Then hark ye, lad—'tis my intent  
 To gie this brain-born matter vent.

COWPER hath sung, in measured strains.  
 The pleasure o' poetic pains ;  
 That none else felt what poets feel,  
 As up Parnassus' hill they speel ;  
 That ' terms, though apt'—(reverse o' sin !)  
 Are ' coy, and difficult to win.'<sup>(42)</sup>  
 As I ne'er thumb'd the muses' primer—  
 A ready, raffin, rustic rhymmer—  
 I never felt the pains and fash  
 Of those that rack their brains for cash ;

Or bards that strive to leave a name,  
And write (hard task !) for deathless fame.  
Yet, with the *Unité's* assistance,<sup>(43)</sup>  
I've seen Parnassus at a distance,  
Not with a phrenzied dreamer's eye,  
' But soaring snow-clad through the sky,  
In pomp of mountain majesty !'  
Lend me your lug—the truth to tell,  
I write—for what ? to please mysel ;  
Through rhyme and sang I aften skelp it—  
For why ? because I canna help it.  
A laverock thus, at skreek of morn,  
Soars frae a field o' brairded cern ;  
She feels the impulse glad of spring,  
And plies at once her throat and wing ;—  
To man her song may flow in vain—  
No ear but Nature's list the strain ;  
Her notes may all be lost in air,  
Yet still she sings her matins there.  
I grant my lays are cauld and tame,  
But still, the promptings are the same.  
It's true I've many a stanza penn'd  
In idle hour, to please a friend ;  
Nay, more, I've often touched the keys  
For her 'whom man was born to please ;'  
Aft has she set my fancy bummin,  
That dear, capricious creature, Woman !

With all her wit and whim about her,  
The world wad stand stock-still without her.  
In fact, it was a look no chancy  
That first set fire to my young fancy ;  
And though of years I feel the chill,  
Its flame around me flickers still,  
And Scottish song, that used to warm  
My heart, has still the power to charm.

Jog-trotting thus along life's course,  
Ilk on his favourite hobbyhorse ;  
I wi' my pen—you wi' your fiddle,  
In fact, time seldom finds us idle.  
'Tis said (and they stand heavy knocks)  
That music's charms ' can soften rocks,'  
' And bend,' like twigs, ' the knotted oaks :'<sup>(44)</sup>  
A tale so strange may weel be doubtit—  
Just now, I've nae time to dispute it.  
Go we where verbal thunders roll,  
There ' Eloquence ' can charm ' the soul ;'  
And though to skill we've nae pretence,  
Wha hasna felt—' song charms the sense ?'  
This is a fact we wad hae notit,  
Though MILTON's sel' had never wrote it.<sup>(45)</sup>

In fiddlers' phrase, I hardly ever  
Could tell a crotchet frae a quaver ;

For ay when I began to play,  
I found a *bar* stood in my way ;  
And though I talked o' lyres and harps,  
My sharps were flats—my flats were sharps :  
Of every tune I tint the key ;  
True notes were counterfeits to me ;  
Yet though I could ne'er reach the treble,  
My semitones were far frae feeble.  
Nor jig nor solo could I play ;  
I lost the *tenor* of my way ;  
My bass was *base*—my grave was gay ;—  
In short, my chaunts would never chime,—  
I spent my breath, and murdered *time*.  
Though Nature, wha has welth at will,  
In music has denied me skill,  
She wadna ilka fancy balk ;—  
' I ken a hand-saw frae a hawk ;'  
A fiddle frae a German flute ;  
A bagpipe frae a Hessian boot ;  
A trumpet frae a tootin horn ;  
A magpie frae a lark at morn ;  
A blackbird frae a crow wanwordy ;  
An organ frae a hurdy-gurdy ;  
A big bassoon frae barrow tram ;  
An epic frae an epigram :—  
But why waste farther words upon it ?  
I ken a satire's no a sonnet ;



That music moves the mind to pleasure,  
 And sangs, like breeks, are made to measure;—  
 O nought imparts such charms to me  
 As Scotland's simple melody!

Then thanks, dear Peter, for the score,—  
 I ne'er saw tunefu' was before;  
 You've passed me through the Muses' portal,  
 And made my Scottish verse immortal;  
 My sang shall yet be sung wi' praise,  
 By Scottish lips, in after days;  
 Our names thegither be renowned,  
 Where mirth and music most abound:—  
 Sooth, I foresee, my rustic rhyme,  
 A foam-bell on the stream of time;—  
 Say, shall we there securely float  
 Along wi' ALLAN RAMSAY'S boat?  
 Shall our crank coble trim the sail,  
 To catch wi' BURNS the balmy gale;  
 Shall the same breeze out-owre us steal,  
 That waves the streamer o' MACNEILL?  
 Shall our wee barkie follow still  
 Close in the wake o' TANNAHILL,  
 As down we glide for that deep sea,  
 Where Time's lost in Eternity?

*Spike Island, Cove of Cork, 1st Feb. 1833.*

TO T—— G——,

ST ANDREWS,

*With an Antique Lamp, dug up in the Island of Milo, 1834.*

MOST learned Doctor, once again  
I fain wad try the Doric strain  
That did the langsome hours beguile,  
In winter nights, in Spike's lone isle.  
O mony a trip I've had aquatic  
(For years I ploughed the Adriatic)—  
Amang the emerald isles that lie,  
Like gems, beneath a Grecian sky;  
Where BYRON wrote, and SAPPHO sung,  
And Nature's face is ever young!  
In Milo's isle—(but Grecian fellows  
In HOMER's days ycleped it Melos)—  
An antique lamp, where lang it lay,  
Fair fashioned o' red potter's clay,  
Of late was brought to light of day.  
To you, dear Doctor, I bequeath it—  
May nocht aneath the moon e'er skaith it,  
(Mysel', I wad hae wared a guinea ance,  
For some sic relic o' the Athenians);  
And though its light has lang been out,  
'Twill shine again, in verse, nae doubt.

Had I the antiquarian lore,  
 That GROSE possessed, in days of yore,  
 On this auld lamp I'd write a lecture,  
 And roam the fields o' wide conjecture;  
 Such learning ne'er manured my brain,  
 Which lang has teemed wi' Fancy's train.  
 Suppose, then (though a hopeless task,)  
 That I some kittle questions ask.

Lamp! could you speak, like BALAAM's ass,  
 And tell us what has come to pass,  
 Since some auld potter, on a day,  
 First formed ye of our parent clay;  
 What hurly-burly—war or mirth,  
 Hid ye sae lang aneath the earth,  
 And brought ye forth, for us to wonder,  
 In thirty-four and eighteen hunder?  
 A' this, if ye were no tongue-tacket,  
 How I should like to hear you crack o't.  
 Compared wi' lamp o' famed ALADDIN,  
 Ye aiblins might be deem'd a bad ane;  
 As relic o' mair ancient days,  
 Ye weel deserve our meed o' praise.  
 Though gowks at you may glowr and gape,  
 There's something *Grecian* in your shape,  
 And nane e'er wrought sae weel as they  
 In marble or Promethean clay.

Say, when by dint o' pick and spade  
This glorious world you resurvey'd,  
The sun, the moon, the starry heaven ;  
The hues that glow on summer even ;  
The sea, the mountains, were the same—  
All else was changed in place and name.  
The temple on Colonna's height  
Had maistly crumbled out o' sight ;  
The architrave—the massy pillar,  
Some lord had riven down for sillar.—  
If you could speak, nae doubt ye'd tell us  
What chiel first trimm'd your light in Melos.  
Whether the matchless *makker* HOMER  
(As through the isles he gaed a roamer,  
Chanting as sweet as balm in Gilead,  
The fall o' Troy—*vide* his Iliad ;)—  
You ever lighted to his bed,  
Before his precious eye-sight fled ;  
For, nae doubt, he took mony a high flight  
Ere eild had robbed him o' his eye-sight.  
In fancy's eye, that glorious bod I see,  
Sweet, swan-like, singing o'er his Odyssey !

When winter nights were wat and brashie,  
Say, was your wick a rind o' rashie ?  
Or was it something worth the notin,  
Like PEEL's or PERKIN's patent cotton ?

Stood you upon some mystic altar,  
 While priests in double sense would palter ?  
 Or by the cheek o' some auld chimlay,  
 When deen aisles shaw'd things dimly ;  
 Or lighted you some lady's toilet ?  
 (Aiblins, at times, your drap might soil it,)  
 Or was your first and sole possessor  
 Some surly sour-mou'd Greek professor ?  
 Or poet courtin at his musie  
 Owre thee, thou ancient oulie cruisie ?—  
 Or did that gifted chiel APELLES,  
 E'er tak a trip to iale o' Melos,  
 When he his Venus was inventing,  
 And wanted forms to aid his painting ?  
 Stood you upon the painter's easel  
 (At night the gleggest ee but sees ill,)  
 When in wad glide some Grecian maid,  
 Whase glowing charms his brush wad aid ?  
 (But doubt; they were a set o' bonnie anes,  
 Sprung frae the brave Lacedemonians ;  
 Taygeta was their common mither,—  
 Auld Jove and she were grit thegither).  
 Nae form ideal met his view,—  
 From flesh and blood Apelles drew ;  
 The bonnie face, the handsome stature,—  
 Art, art wi' him was lost in nature.

Where were ye, Lampie, when LYSANDER <sup>(46)</sup>  
 To Melos came,—that great commander ?  
 How looked the pridefu, paughty Spartan ?  
 Was his braw tunic made o' tartan ?  
 Or was the fearless fechtin fellow  
 Clad in a cotton *fustanella*, <sup>(47)</sup>  
 The day that he cam owre to Melos ?  
 I wish, auld Lampie, ye could tell us.  
 Rode he a lang-tailed Persian pony,  
 Or an Arabian, sleek and bonny,  
 That, while the shout o' war grew louder,  
 Gaed prancing, prancing, aye the prouder ?  
 I'se warrant sic a weirlike wight  
 In fechtin graith was featly dight :  
 Wore he a helmet or a bonnet ?  
 Had it a crest or *tep* upon it ?  
 His shield, what was its shape and class ?  
 Was't made o' bull's hide or of brass ?  
 (Bauld AJAX, when he spread his banner  
*His* shield wad hae set up a tanner,)  
 Say, were his sword and speech laconic ?  
 The first made mony a back and bone ache,  
 When round his head, wi' baff and blatter,  
 He made the Grecian shields to clatter ;—  
 'Twas a' ae woo,—on land or water ;  
 He served his country baith the ways,—  
 Just like marines o' modern days.

Alas ! the ruthless spoiler came,  
 And left your island but the name.  
 The morning sun on Melos beekit,  
 But no a lum in Melos reekit ;  
 Gone were the sounds of woe or mirth,—  
 Nae baudrons croon'd before the hearth,  
 Nae dog without the door stood barkin,  
 Nor lass the tale o' love to hearken :  
 The sparrow and the unwilling slave  
 Pass'd with the victor o'er the wave ; (48)  
 And all was still as desert graves  
 O'er which nor tree nor rank grass waves ;  
 Not e'en a sigh broke on the air,  
 To tell that living thing was there :  
 The eagle from Taygeta's height  
 As yet delay'd his onward flight ;  
 No carrion crow, in middle air,  
 Had scented out the carnage there :  
 Death sat enthroned,—and sated Slaughter  
 Washed her red hands \* \* \*

*Anstruther, Oct. 3. 1834.*

A SIMILE.

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A SIMILE.

SAY, what is Life—man's empty boast ?  
A ship at sea sore tempest-tost ;  
Her sails all spent, her rudder lost,  
Her timbers riven :—  
And what is Death ?—the rocky coast  
Whereon she's driven !





## NOTES.

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### NOTE 1, page 17.

*Vernon semper flare up.*

A parody on the motto of the Vernon family,—*Vernon semper viret*. The Author's having served between two and three years in H. M. Ship Vernon, will sufficiently account for his praise and preference of that noble man-of-war.

### NOTE 2, page 18.

*Whilst donkeys bend to every breeze.*

Frigates of 28 guns,—so called from their dull sailing qualities, and their utter unfitness, as men-of-war, either to fight or run away from vessels of a similar class in the French or American navies.

### NOTE 3, page 30.

*Maggie Lauder—Additional Stanzas.*

The late William Stenhouse, in his "Notes and Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland," appended to a new edition of Johnson's Musical Museum, published by Blackwood and Sons, 1839, has inserted these additional stanzas with some words of commendation. Mr Stenhouse found them in the Pocket Encyclopædia of Songs, printed at Glasgow, 2 vols. 12mo, 1816, where they were copied, along with six other songs, from the Author's small Volume published in 1811. In the Encyclopædia, the Author's name was attached to these six songs, but (probably from oversight) not to the stanzas in question.

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NOTE 4, page 33.

*To level with its native earth,  
Thy clay-built, lowly dwelling.*

Mr Lockhart, in his *Life of Burns*, mentions that, about a week after the birth of the bard, "part of the frail dwelling, which his father had constructed with his own hands, gave way at midnight; and the infant poet and his mother were carried through the storm to the shelter of a neighbouring hovel."

NOTE 5, page 38.

*O I have seen the wild-flowers blow.*

This song was published in the second volume of "*Albyn's Anthology*," and set to a Highland melody, to which the Editor, the late Alexander Campbell, composed Gaelic words, and appended the following note:—"There is a remarkable and mournful coincidence in the fate of the individuals alluded to in the above Gaelic and Scottish dirges, to which this air is adapted, the former dying on the 6th, and the latter on the 14th November 1817."

The Author, finding that a beautiful plaintive melody composed by Mr Shrivall, late of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, was better adapted to his verses than the original air, has accordingly given it the preference.

NOTE 6, page 45.

*When the Prince of brave Fellows gave command.*

Captain Fellowes (of the Dartmouth) executed the post allotted to him perfectly, and, with the able assistance of his little but brave detachment, saved the Cyrene from being burnt by the fire-vessels.—*London Gazette Extraordinary*, Nov. 10. 1827.

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NOTE 7, page 46.

*Lamented Bathurst fell.*

I have to lament the loss of Captain Bathurst of the Genoa, whose example on the occasion is well worthy the imitation of his survivors.—*Ibid.*

NOTE 8, page 46.

— *Brave George Augustus Bell.*

Captain Bell, commanding the Royal Marines of the Asia, was killed early in the action, in the steady performance of his duty.—*Ibid.*

NOTE 9, page 65.

*Those holy stones—those holy stones—*

“*Holy-stone*, a soft porous stone, used in most ships for the purpose of rubbing and scouring the decks with sand every morning, soon after daylight.”—FALCONER’S *Marine Dict.*

The first three verses are a parody on Moore’s beautiful song—“Those evening bells.”

NOTE 10, page 71.

*The Punch Bowl.*

This song was written on the presentation of a TEN-GALLON China Punch-Bowl, bearing the following inscription :—“ To the Kingsbarns Golf-Club, from Captain Alexander Corstorphine of the Honourable Company’s ship *Ernaad*. Canton, 25th December 1830.” This ample and beautiful bowl was presented to the Club on Saturday the 6th of August 1831, and, at the expense of the donor, placed on the table, brimful of Glasgow punch.

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NOTE 11, page 106.

*Lady Cassilis' Lament.*

Burns, in his Memoranda on Scottish song, says, "The castle is still remaining at Maybole where his Lordship shut up his wayward spouse, and kept her for life." On this hint the "Lament" was written.

NOTE 12, page 113.

*The Anstruther Musomanik Society.*

"About thirty years ago, or rather less," say Messrs Chambers, in their Journal of 25th July 1840, "it so happened that a set of poetical wits resided in or about the town of Anstruther in Fife, all of whom became very much knit up in the bonds of good fellowship together, contrary to all precedent in their proverbially irritable and mutually repulsive fraternity. Finding much pleasure in versifying, and shewing their verses to each other, they at length agreed to embody themselves into a society, and become subject to the regulations of solemn and periodic meeting. 'The brethren were accordingly,' to quote their own words in one of their publications, 'constituted into an union of rhymsters; their code of laws was framed and sanctioned; diplomas, conveying a licence to rhyme and scribble in all shapes and manners, were worded in language fully as important and sounding as those of Universities for Doctors in Divinity. Long strings of rhymes were no sooner issued by the Presiding Bard, to be supplied with thought, than those dry bones and clattering skeletons of poetry stood to their astonishment before them in all the fatness and bloom of completion. In short, the associated rhymsters swore eternal friendship and good humour, over the altar of that heathenish god whose fire happened to be their brain's inheritance,

#### NOTES.

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and, uttering a joint ejaculation for his powerful assistance, they bowed the knee before their inspiring idol.' The Musomanik Society met and rhymed, and rhymed and met, if not to the production of much good poetry, at least to their own immense gratification; and it has been whispered that even learned persons from Edinburgh would occasionally appear in the Fife burgh, having performed a journey by sea and land of thirty miles, for no other purpose than to participate in the gaieties of this merry corps."

This Society, which was denominated the Musomanik, in the elegant sense of the Greek word *Μουσμανικος* (*flagrans amore musarum*), continued to flourish and hold its regular annual and occasional sittings in the classical burgh of East Anstruther till 1817, when its joyous celebrations were suspended in consequence of the separation and the dispersion into life's tumultuous and unpoetical business, of its principal founders and members. Of those yet living, none can be forgetful of the happy hours then and there so harmoniously and innocently enjoyed, where literary amusement, fun, and the *joyousities* of good fellowship illumined every face, exercised every mind, and enlivened every heart. A copy of the bard-constituting diploma of this bold and original fraternity of rhymsters may be amusing to some of my readers:—

"**Be it known** to all men by these presents, that whereas Apollo, the Sovereign Lord of Poetry, hath, by particular predilection, singled us out from the prosaic herd of men to be the special vessels of his illumination, and, in consequence of that choice, hath, in his high benignity, shed a generative ray upon the naturally barren soil of our pericraniums, thereby rendering them exceedingly rich and prolific of odes, ballads, bouts-rimées, acrostics, pastorals, epic poems, and other rhythmical effusions: **And whereas**, deeming it unwise and unprofitable to dissipate the richness and fecundity of our brains in the vulgar intercourse with men, we have associated ourselves into a **MUSOMANIK SOCIETY**, in order to enjoy, by reflection of one another's fire,

NOTES.

the corruscations of our own festive minds, by that means truly tasting, with the heightened gust of self-admiration, the pleasure of our poetical existences: FURTHER, WHEREAS considering that, gifted as we are with sharp and penetrating wisdom, we can easily discern the seal of Apollo stamped upon the forehead of  
whereby it is evident that the Unshorn God claims him for his own; We, the vicegerent subjects of the said Apollo in Anstruther, hereby **Admit, Legitimate, Enfranchise, and Inaugurate**, the said  
into our Musomanik Society, freely bestowing upon him all its rights and privileges, and granting him liberty to rhyme and scribble in what shape, manner, and degree he will, whether he be pleased to soar in the Epopee, to sink in the Song, to puzzle in the Riddle, to astonish in the Ode, or to amuse and make merry with the Bouts-rimées.

*Given at the Hall of Apollo at Anstruther, the                      day of*  
1818."

*Wm. Lermont*

*Recorder*



NOTES.

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Into this society of provincial songsters were admitted persons of no ordinary name and distinction, such as Sir Walter Scott, John Wilson, Esq. (now Professor Wilson), James Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), the patriotic George Dempster, Esq. of Dunnichen, M.P., Gilbert Bethune, Esq. of Balfour, Rev. Dr Andrew G. Carstairs of Anstruther Wester, Rev. James Nicol of Traquair, &c., &c. Sir Walter Scott, in his usual good-humoured spirit of sympathy with the generation of rhymers, transmitted the following gracious reply to the letter that conveyed, in most respectful terms, the diploma investing *him* with the right "to rhyme and scribble in what shape, manner, and *degree* he would!"

TO THE PRESIDENTS OF THE MUSOMANIK SOCIETY OF  
ANSTRUTHER.

GENTLEMEN,—I am, upon my return from the country, honoured with your letter and a diploma, couched in very flattering terms, creating me a member of the Musomanik Society of Anstruther. I beg you will assure the Society of my grateful sense of the favour they have conferred upon me, and my sincere wishes that they may long enjoy the various pleasures attendant upon the hours of relaxation which they may dedicate in their corporate or individual capacity to Weel-timed Daffing. I remain, Gentlemen,

Your much obliged

Humble Servant,

A large, stylized handwritten signature, likely of Walter Scott, written in dark ink. The signature is fluid and cursive, with a prominent 'W' at the beginning and a long, sweeping tail that ends in a loop.

Edinburgh, 27th March 1815.

The following extracts from the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of Oct. 1814 and Oct. 1815, will serve to communicate to the reader some idea of the manner in which the festal hilarities of this self-constituted *Fifan Academia Musarum* were celebrated on their more splendid anniversary-days :—

### MUSOMANIK.

—ego mira poemata pango ;  
Occupet extremum scabies.—HOR.

“ On the 30th day of September last, the first anniversary of the institution of the Musomanik Club of Anstruther was celebrated there, in the Hall of Apollo, with all the pomp and festivity becoming the worshippers of that enlivening deity. At four o'clock the brethren (whose number is precisely that of the nine Muses), being attended by many honorary members, passed into their hall, which, from its tasteful decorations of foliage and other ornaments, struck every eye with admiration. The walls of the chamber were hung round with pictures of all the celebrated ancient and modern poets, under whose names were written short extracts from their works, in English, French, Italian, German, Latin, and even in Greek. Every chair was entwined with laurels, myrtles, and *nettles* ; the mixture of the leaf of the latter, though rather unclassical, was singularly appropriate and happy, as it denoted the sharp and prickly nature of that satire with which the associated rhymsters are determined to sting their calumniators. The dinner was choice and elegant, doing great honour, both in the selection and preparation of its dishes, to the genius of the provisor. Every dish was symbolical, and had its innuendo, denoting either the *pride*, or the *vanity*, or the *irritability*, or the *poverty* of poets. Directly before the Laureat, whose head was over-canopied by an umbrella of bays, lay *the immense roe* of a *cod-fish*, which was meant to be a type and



figure, not only of the great and alarming multitude of modern bards, but also of that wonderful richness and fecundity of brain, by the favour of which they are enabled to send out productions so rapid and so voluminous as to put even Homer, Virgil, and Milton to shame and confusion of face. Much mirth was excited by a *Parnassus of paste*, which stood in the centre of the table; it was twin-topt, and had on each summit a small sprig of laurel; on its side appeared a *Poet of puff-paste*, apparently in the act of clambering; his hand was stretched out towards the laurel sprigs, and from his mouth issued a parchment scroll, with the motto of the Society's seal therein written, '*Vos, O Lauri, Carpat!*'

"The cloth being removed, a sacrifice of nine copies of their '*Pastimes*' was straightway offered up, on a tin censer, to Apollo, every bard applying a lighted candle to the offering, and singing, during the time of combustion, a song for the *nonce*, to the air of 'Fare-thee-well, thou first and fairest.' The bards then took to their cups, and, after drinking 'The King,' the following invocation was sung by one of them:—

AIR—*Hey, tuttis tattie.*

Unextinguished spark of sky,  
Spirit that can never die:  
Of thy children hear the cry,  
Sacred Poesy!  
O'er this scene do thou preside,  
Joy and Pleasure at thy side:  
From thy servants—hallowed guide!  
Never, never fly!

Should Misfortune sullen lower,  
On our short terrestrial hour,  
Still thy silent secret power  
Sweeps the fiend away.  
What is life without thy light?  
Cheerless gloom and sullen night!  
Fancy never takes her flight,  
Never dreams of day.

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Then thy wand, Enchantress, wave;  
Give, O give, the boon we crave—  
May we live beyond the grave,  
Dear to memory.  
Unextinguished spark of sky,  
Spirit that can never die,  
Hear, O hear, thy children's cry—  
Sacred Poesy!

"After this song, the recorder sung an humorous invocation to Fun, which, from its length, cannot be here inserted. He then gave successively the following toasts:—

Rhyme and Reason.

May Fun extend everywhere his empire, till every face grin, and every throat labour with laughter.

May our great Patron, Dan Apollo,  
Ne'er find our brains so boss and hollow,  
If he should knock, but rhyme may follow.

May the Shield of Good Humour throw back on our assailants the arrows of saucy and presumptive criticism.

The memory of our great elder brother, Robert Burns.

The bright-burning Candles of British Song, Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and Thomas Campbell.

The Kingdom of Fife, and may she long retain her supremacy for fun, frolic, and hospitality.

"It would be tedious to quote all the toasts and songs of this social and happy evening. It may be sufficient to say, that we never were in any club or society, instituted for the purpose of mutual entertainment, where we observed so much innocent and good-humoured hilarity. We shall conclude with quoting the following song, composed and sung by one of the brethren:—

Is there wha lightlies poetry,  
An' rudely dare misca' that?  
The silly snool we'll style him fool,  
And dare be bards for a' that;  
For a' that an' a' that,  
The critic's sneer an' a' that;  
The man of prose is leaden dross,  
The bard's the gowd for a' that.

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The college ha' may brag an' blow  
Of Hebrew, Greek, an' a' that ;  
On Nature's book the bard maun look,  
If he wou'd hope to draw that ;  
For a' that an' a' that,  
Gowns, Grammars, Greek, an' a' that ;  
The pith o' rhyme, the artless chime,  
Are grander far than a' that.

Should critic wight, wi' bitter bite,  
Attack our verse an' gnaw that ;  
Apollo's sons, the chosen ones,  
We'll never mind a flaw that ;  
For a' that an' a' that,  
His gibes and jeers an' a' that ;  
We'll gie the chiel satiric pill,  
That he may sit an' chaw that !

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it shall for a' that,  
That wit and rhyme, in every clime,  
May bear the gree for a' that ;  
For a' that an' a' that,  
It's comin' yet for a' that ;  
When *every man* in *every lan'*  
Shall *scribble, rhyme*, an' a' that."

In hoc enim genere nescio quo pacto magis quam in aliis suum cuique pulchrum est ; adhuc neminem cognovi poetam qui sibi non optimus videtur ; sic se res habet ; te tua, me delectant mea.—CICERO.

" On Friday last, the 29th September, was celebrated, in the Hall of Apollo, the second anniversary of the institution of the Musomanik Society of Anstruther. The votaries of that jolly and rejoicing deity rushed in to catch a glimpse of his golden countenance, and to partake, not only of those good things which the influence of his inspiration had generated in heads and in brains, but of those better things which the influence of his beams had produced in valleys and on hills. Every blast blew in a bard ; every bard brought with him joy and good humour. Their hall was profusely decorated with all the ornaments suitable to the occasion ; its walls were

hung round, as usual, with prints of all the celebrated poets adorned with sprigs of laurel. Mr Scott seemed to look down from his elevation, near the roof, with complacency ; Lord Byron appeared to lower no longer a misanthrope on the merriment ; and the manly eye of Burns seemed to kindle on the wall, and start into the scene with its fiery and commanding flash. So richly were the roof and sides covered with flower and foliage, that the chamber was like one of those shady recesses of Tempe, into which the Muses were wont to retire to converse with Cupid and the Graces ; nor were forgotten the accustomed symbols and emblematic dishes expressive of the number, the poverty, the vanity, the irritability, the frivolity, and light-headedness of poets. The cod-roe, which last year so finely typified the ' numbers without number ' of the *irritable genus*, was somehow strangely forgotten ; but its place was supplied by a plateful of mushrooms, to denote the sudden appearance and rapid and total evanishment of our fungous short-lived tribe. On the centre of the table a Parnassus of paste heaved up its baken mass, on whose top stood the god of the festival, holding in his hand the scroll of sanction, and shining in all his pride of pastry and glory of leaf-gold. The sides of the mountain appeared so horribly steep, rugged, and perpendicular, that not even a hobbler of paste could establish his feet upon them. Its base seemed to be strewn over with the broken limbs of pastry bards, that had rolled down in ruin from the insuperable ascent ; an evil omen for the brethren, and which might have excited in their breasts thoughts of dire foreboding, had not their natural unconquerable propensity to laughter been of use to them, in converting the melancholic into the mirthful. But it would be tedious to relate all the pomp and preparation, and solemnity and jocundity, of the festival ; all the toasts, songs, and jokes that enlivened and

prolonged the entertainment. Suffice it to say, that good humour was never more conspicuous than in the hearts and faces of the company ; that innocent and self-delighted vanity, that mighty mother of all poems and all books, was never more harmlessly gratified ; and that the sour and hemlock visage of contumelious criticism herself would have gladly sweetened into joy, and shared, if not abetted, the festivity of the evening."

In the year 1814, these associated rhymsters of the East Nook, in the words of the same respectable journalists from whom I have already quoted, "unable any longer to keep so much drollery to themselves, ventured to present to the world a thin volume, entitled 'Bouts-Rimés, or Poetical Pastimes of a few Hobblers round the base of Parnassus,' being dedicated 'to the Lovers of Rhyme, Fun, and Good Fellowship throughout the British Empire.' This volume has long ceased to be seen on the counters, or even the shelves, of all ordinary book-sellers."

I shall here present a few specimens from that very scarce *brochure*, including a few from the unpublished records of the Society :—

#### THE POET.

With eye of fire, and haughty brow *sublime*,  
The poet fears thee not, destructive *Time* !  
He toils unmindful of the passing *day*,  
To gain at last the never-fading *bay* ;  
He courts the beauties of the golden *dawn*,  
He dwells delighted on the dewy *lawn*,  
But, chief at night, when the resplendent *moon*,  
Climbs the blue heaven to gain her silent *noon*,  
Entranced he stands—wild fancy reigns *entire*,  
And his high numbers burn with more than mortal *fire* !  
Heedful he views the calm unruffled *lake* ;  
Careless he feels the earth with thunders *shake* :  
He soars aloft on fancy's eagle *wing*,  
From her high halls her airy forms to *bring* ;  
Or, snugly seated with a chosen *few*,  
Bids the vain world and all its pomp *adieu* !

NOTES.

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THE LAST DAY.

How dread, methinks, how awfully *sublime*,  
When the last trump shall stop the march of *time* !  
What shall avail, on that tremendous *day*,  
The hero's laurel or the poet's *bay* !  
Methinks I see the rosy-fingered *dawn*  
Shed her last ray o'er every hill and *lawn*.  
Never to rise hath sunk the fulgent *moon* ;  
The sun may rise, but never reach his *noon*.  
From earth, from heaven, with ripen'd force *entire*,  
Bursts the wild sweep of all-devouring *fire*.  
From heaven's high arch to the infernal *lake*,  
Shall all creation to her centre *shake*.  
Its fearful flight the trembling soul shall *wing*,  
And to its God each vice and virtue *bring*.  
Oh ! may there then on earth be found but *few*  
Not well prepared to bid the world *adieu* !

ADDRESSED TO ONE OF THE BRETHREN.

Dear Fowler, plague upon all *rhyme*,  
'Tis nothing but a waste of *time*,  
And life's an April *day*,  
In this our peevish, plashy *clime* ;—  
Then let's improve our manhood's *prime*,  
No more commit the poet's *crime*,  
But throw the pen *away*.  
Thus said I,—poor deluded *man* !  
To court staid Prudence off I *ran*,  
And all at once to *frame*  
My ways with wisdom I *began*,  
Look'd round with interested *scan* ;  
But lo ! the Muses marred the *plan*,  
Apollo fed the *flame*.  
Then, Phoebus, come with all thy *train*,  
And ope the portals of my *brain*,  
Give thoughts for every *chime* ;  
And, as the clouds' soft-dropping *rain*  
Cheers and revives the sterile *plain*,  
Fecundate this dull head *again*,  
To reach the true *sublime*.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Aid me, O muse ! to laud in *rhyme*,  
The golden and primeval *time*,  
Old Saturn's happy *day*,

#### NOTES.

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When Virtue over every *clime*,  
Danced with young Pleasure in her *prime*,  
And chased, with joyful shoutings, *Ortime*  
And Sorrow far away.

Then free and happy, sinless *man*,  
Exulting, o'er earth's valleys *ran* ;  
    Whilst in the starry *frame*  
His meditative eye *began*  
The finger of his God to *scan*,  
As, musing on the Almighty's *plan*,  
    He fed devotion's *flame*.

It seem'd as if his sacred *train*  
Of thoughts, pure issue of the *brain*,  
    To Virtue's lyre did *chime* ;  
It seem'd as if, in lieu of *rain*,  
The skies dropp'd honey on each *plain*,  
Whilst grateful Earth sent up *again*  
    Hymns holy and *sublime*.

#### LOVE.

O Love ! 'twas thou did'st first insp-ire,  
And bade my numbers softly *roll* ;  
Set all this youthful heart on *fire*,  
And tuned to harmony my *soul* !

When Jessie did her charms dis-*play*  
(The Loves and Graces in her *train*),  
Could I unconscious turn *away*,  
Nor feel Love's poignant pleasing *pain* ?

Her charms unlocked a precious *store*,  
The hard of heart can never *find* ;  
Earth seemed a sweet enchanted *shore*,  
Such pleasing dreams possessed my *mind*.

Soft were my strains—Love bade them *flow*,  
While Hymen's torch began to *burn* ;  
No note e'er breathed the wail of *woe*,  
For 'sweet's the love that meets re-*turn*.'

O Woman ! Nature's fairest *flower*—  
Sweeter than rose-buds in the *spring* ;  
May care ne'er cloud thy passing *hour*,  
Nor pluck the down from pleasure's *wing* !

#### NOTES.

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When called to blissful scenes *above*,  
Where joys in endless prospect *rise*,  
May Virtue, Innocence, and *Love*,  
Attend thee to thy native *skies*!

#### ADDRESS TO THE BRETHREN.

Dear Junta of Bards whom I love and adm-ire,  
Whose hearts are so true, and whose heads are so d-roll,  
Now awake ye your glory, and free in your *fire*,  
To-day let us skim off the cream of the *soul*.

To-day, 'tis the season of jest and of *play*,  
When Phœbus with grace and with wit in his *train*,  
Hops down from Olympus, to whistle *away*  
All mists from our heads, from our bosoms all *pain*.

He comes,—and his quiver is rattling with *store*  
Of arrows, that burn to fly forth uncon-*fin'd* ;  
He comes,—and the towns that engirdle our *shore*,  
Gleam forth and rejoice in the splendour of *mind*.

He hath shot at my heart, and my blood in its *flow*  
Bounds brisk with ideas that blaze and that *burn* ;  
Away, empty world ! with thy wealth and thy *woe*,  
And ne'er to disturb my dear dreamings re-*turn*.

I dream that I walk among odour and *flower*,  
In the gardens of Song, where our amaranths *spring* ;  
Where the leaves of the trees whisper verse, and each *hour*  
Waves the fragrance of joy from his fanciful *wing*.

Now in vision I mount with the muses *above*,  
Heaven's turrets shine brighter in gold as I *rise* ;  
While safe in the passport of song, wit, and *love*,  
I walk amid angels, and skim through the *skies*.

#### EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSIONS.

What is this life ? a smoke, a *bubble* ;  
In this gay world, a foolish *jig* ;  
A joyless field of barren *stubble*,  
And what is man ?—a *whirligig* !  
My heated brain begins to *bubble* ;  
With joy I dance the airy *jig* ;  
My hair lies flat (once stiff as *stubble*),  
While round I fly—a *whirligig* !



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I would not give a rotten *fig*  
For the vile SUN's diurnal *story* ;  
I love the INDEPENDENT WHIG—  
For why ? he hates each bigot *Tory*.  
Believe me, I care not a *fig*  
For any political *story* ;  
I care not a *fig* for a *Whig*,  
Nor a *fig* for the most renown'd *Tory*.

---

Louisa is a lovely *lass*,  
As lily pure or spotless *paper* ;  
Her oft I trace in memory's *glass*,  
But ne'er so handsome can I *shape her*.  
Meg is the *warst-fard* country *lass*  
That ever wore her hair in *paper* ;  
So coarse,—the well,—her looking-*glass*,—  
At times is puzzled how to *shape her*.  
O here's to the loveliest *lass*  
That ever was named upon *paper* ;  
That e'er was reflected from *glass*,  
And is handsome as fancy could *shape her*.

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I grant that some, by tongue or *pen*,  
Are dally, hourly in a *scuffle* ;  
But then, we philosophic *men*  
Have placid tempers nought can *ruffle*.  
Last night I left my desk and *pen*,  
For in the street I heard a *scuffle*,  
And there, torn off by drunken *men*,  
I left my coat-tails and shirt-*ruffle*.  
One would suppose a silly *pen*  
A shabby weapon in a *scuffle* ;  
But yet the pen of critic *men*  
A very hero's soul would *ruffle*.

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Closed is the eye of garish *day*—  
But see ! the moon is rising *bright* ;  
Then come, my Mary, let us *stray*  
By Luna's love-inviting *light*.  
Who cares for Luna's borrow'd *light* ?  
In heaven's high arch there let her *stray*.  
Till Phoebus come in glory *bright*,  
And shame her with refulgent *day*.

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NOTE 13, page 117.

*Had I, on earth, but four tarees.*

Properly, *tari*, a Maltese silver coin, value fourpence.

NOTE 14, page 123.

*Sublime in decay stood the Castle of Gloom.*

Castle Campbell, with the whole territory belonging to the Earl of Argyll, underwent all the calamities of civil war in 1645. The castle was destroyed; and its magnificent ruins still exist as a monument of these horrid times. This gem of the picturesque was originally called the castle of Gloom, situated immediately above the town of Dolour, surrounded by the hills of Care, and washed by the burns of Sorrow. The name was changed to Castle Campbell, by act of Parliament, in the reign of James IV., anno 1489.—KENNEDY'S *Glenochil*, vol. i., p. 260.

NOTE 15, page 129.

*In that famed place no longer cruising,  
Where William kissed his 'black-eyed Susan.'*

When Black-eyed Susan went on board,  
And from the beach the Deal men barged her,  
I wish it had been on record,  
How much those smuggling fellows charged her.

NOTE 16, page 133.

*The braes of Dreel.*

The name given to the small stream which separates the royal burghs of Anstruther Easter and Anstruther Wester. The arms of the latter are three salmon crossed, in allusion to which a salmon supplies the place of a weathercock on the church steeple, as represented in the vignette.

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NOTE 17, page 146.

*Still Gardiner fought—and fighting fell,  
Upon that awesome morning!*

“Samuel Cameron, who, by his Lochaber axe, killed the pious and brave Colonel Gardiner at Prestonpans, was a native of this parish (Kilmalie). His grandson is one of the elders of the parish at present (1835). He used to say that he and his comrade acted in self-defence, for that the Colonel galloped up to them and attacked them.”—*New Statistical Account of Scotland, Inverness-shire*, p. 121.

NOTE 18, page 162.

*With Conolly ‘I hate the town!’*

Allusion is here made to a beautiful song written by Mr Erskine Conolly, author of ‘There’s a thrill of emotion,’ ‘Mary Macneil,’ &c.

NOTE 19, page 170.

*Thou’rt gane awa.*

This song was written for ‘Thomson’s Melodies and Songs of Scotland.’ I may here mention that the song at page 6 of this volume, to the air of ‘Andro and his cutty gun,’ and that at page 25 to the air of ‘Roy’s Wife,’ have been inserted in a late edition of Mr Thomson’s work, as additional verses to these airs. In that great national collection, the melodies have been united to a variety of songs, the best that have been written from the most ancient period of Scottish and English literature to the present day. With respect to the language of the lyrical effusions inserted in the work in

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#### NOTES.

question, now extending to six volumes folio, there may, with equal justice, be applied to Mr Thomson the compliment which Lord Lyttleton paid to his poetical namesake, that it contains

————— Not one thought,  
One line, which, dying, he could wish to blot.

NOTE 20, page 179.

#### *The Kail-brose of Auld Scotland.*

These stanzas, laudatory of our national dish, have never been in print before. They were written by Robert Inglis, Esq., Markinch, Fifeshire; and some explanation seems necessary why they should occupy a place in this volume. Upwards of forty years ago, an ardent love of Scottish poetry drew Mr Inglis and me together, and the charm seems likely to last till 'Fate shall snap the brittle thread,' and unloose the bonds of our friendship. The occasion of writing the song was the return of plenty after the severe dearth of the year 1800. When 'peace and repose' were secured fifteen years afterwards, it was necessary to alter the first stanza; which I did. In the winter of 1816, I was invited to an evening party by my benevolent friend, the late John Grieve, where I met Professor Wilson, the Ettrick Shepherd, James Gray, William Tenant, William Macdonald Fowler, Alexander Campbell, Thomas Pringle, &c. &c. Well knowing that I would be called upon to sing, I on the instant composed the stanza on the battle of Waterloo, and with this addition the song was received with applause by the company. My alteration and addition have been approved of by Mr Inglis; and I have given the ballad a local habitation here, to prove that a friendship founded upon song, may be as lasting as that which the worldly-minded are apt to consider a more durable foundation.

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NOTE 21, page 182.

*The Minstrel.*

This song was written by Thomas Pickering of Newcastle. Being incomplete, I have ventured to finish it by adding the last twelve lines. I fear I may be accused of presumption for thus attempting the completion of a fragment which Burns prized so highly, and other poets have praised so much; but since the days of Prometheus, 'What is't man winna ettle at?'

NOTE 22, page 184.

*Mountcashell's skill outstrips the Bill.*

The Game Preservation Bill.

NOTE 23, page 200.

*Nor yet descended from 'a gun.'*

A popular preacher is familiarly called a *great gun*.

NOTE 24, page 205.

*Vide, months past, the Constitution.*

'The Constitution, or Cork Advertiser;' a newspaper in which a number of the Author's songs appeared, while he was on duty with a detachment of his corps in Ireland.

NOTE 25, page 208.

*Right well I knew my namesake Gray.*

The Rev. James Gray, a personal friend of Burns, was born in the town of Dunse, Berwickshire, where he commenced

life as a shoemaker ; but the love of learning was ever uppermost in his thoughts even from his boyhood. Having completed his studies, he, in 1794, was appointed master in the Grammar School of Dumfries, where he became acquainted with the poet Burns, concerning whom he has borne such noble testimony. From Dumfries, Mr Gray removed to the High School of Edinburgh, where he long and usefully taught : in 1821, he was installed as Professor of Latin in the institution at Belfast. He afterwards went into holy orders, and proceeded as a chaplain to the East Indies, where he died on the 25th September 1830, at Bhoog, in the kingdom of Cutch. Whilst at that place, his vigorous and ardent mind mastered the difficulties of the dialect (I have been told, one of the most difficult in India), and had prepared a grammar and a pretty copious vocabulary of the language. His house in Edinburgh, and wherever he resided, was always a welcome home to literary men. His love of poetry was intense, and he hailed as a brother every one who manifested the slightest talent or relish for his darling pursuit :—

Alike to him the south or north,  
So high he held the minstrel worth ;  
So high his ardent mind was wrought,  
Once of himself he never thought.

*Queen's Wake, Night III. \**

He was, indeed, as his intimate friend Mrs Grant of Laggan used to express it, ' the most amiable of enthusiasts.' Often might have been seen in the midst of his family circle, and sharing in the comforts of his board, Tennant, Hogg, Pringle, Wilson, Wordsworth, and Grieve, with many others who have

\* It may not be uninteresting to state, that the Fifteenth Bard, who sings ' King Edward's Dream ' in Night III. of the ' Queen's Wake,' is meant for Mr Gray ; and the Fourteenth Bard, who sings ' Mary Scott,' for Mr Grieve.

distinguished themselves in various departments of literature. Hogg eventually became his brother-in-law. Mr Gray was the author of 'Cona, or the Vale of Clwyd,' and other poems; 'A Sabbath among the Mountains,' and a poem entitled 'India,' which I am told has been published in America.

I cannot conclude these reminiscences without the mention of my venerated friend, Dr Robert Anderson, editor of the *British Poets*, a man of a kindred spirit with Mr Gray, as well as his personal friend, at whose house in Windmill Street I have spent many a happy hour. Of all the men I ever knew, Dr Anderson had the greatest store of literary information, which he poured out with a freedom and a frankness, which alike bespoke the kindness of his heart and his ardent admiration of literary pursuits. He was the intimate friend of Bishop Percy; of Professors Murray and Brown of the University of Edinburgh; of Thomas Campbell, who dedicated to him the 'Pleasures of Hope;' of Macneill, Leyden, Grahame; and, indeed, most of the literary men of note in his day. He was born on the 7th January 1750, and died on the 20th February 1830, at the venerable age of 80 years. Thus, in the same year, was I deprived of the friendship of two of the best and kindest men I ever knew.

To complete this triumvirate of genius and worth, I would be doing violence to my feelings did I not add the name of Mr John Grieve, long of the firm of Grieve and Scott, Edinburgh. Amid the distractions of a mercantile life, Mr Grieve found leisure to make himself so well acquainted with the French and Italian languages as to read their poets and novelists with ease. Neither was he a recluse:—he enjoyed society, and adorned it. His songs in Hogg's 'Forest Minstrel,' marked C., exhibit his fine genius and taste, and several of them were set to music by the late amiable and accomplished Mr R. A. Smith, editor

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of the Scottish Minstrel, and several other musical collections of great merit. Hogg and Mr Grieve being natives of 'the Forest,' were much together, and the Shepherd, in the dedication to him of 'Mador of the Moor,' has very neatly expressed his obligations, and recorded how highly he valued his friendship. Mr Grieve had one of the most intellectual and benignant countenances I ever saw. He died in Edinburgh on the 4th of April 1836, in the 55th year of his age.

NOTE 26, page 209.

*What time Dan Wilson filled the chair.*

Professor Wilson. Dan is an old term of honour.

NOTE 27, page 210.

*In Young's, hard by the Tron Kirk bell.*

William Young, inn-keeper, High Street, Edinburgh.

NOTE 28, page 210.

*Like chaos, Ambrose lay in night.*

Ambrose, keeper of a celebrated tavern in Gabriel's Road, west side of the Register Office. From him the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' of Blackwood's Magazine received their name.

NOTE 29, page 210.

*There sat James Wilson, bent on fun.*

Brother of the Professor, and author of 'Illustrations of Zoology,' &c., &c.



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NOTE 30, page 210.

*There Grieve, benevolent and kind.*

See the concluding paragraph of Note 25.

NOTE 31, page 210.

*And Pringle, modest and refined.*

Thomas Pringle, author of 'Ephemerides, or Poems written in Scotland and South Africa,' and Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society.

NOTE 32, page 210.

*M' Diarmid, Scottish to the core.*

The able Editor of the Dumfries Courier.

NOTE 33, page 210.

*Fowler, on Bouts Rimés bent.*

William Macdonald Fowler, one of the original members of the Musomanik Society, and author of the 'Spirit of the Isle, and other Poems,' in 1 vol. 8vo.

NOTE 34, page 210.

*There Tennant sat, reserved and shy.*

Author of 'Anster Fair;' 'Papistry Stormed,' &c.

NOTE 35, page 211.

*Gray, his satellite, hard by.*

Author of 'Poems and Songs.'

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NOTE 36, page 211.

*There Campbell would our mirth prolong  
With an 'Anthology' of song.*

Alexander Campbell, author of several works in prose and verse, and editor of 'Albyn's Anthology,' for which Sir Walter Scott wrote some of his best and most popular songs.

NOTE 37, page 211.

*The Shepherd, wi' his southland tongue.*

James Hogg, author of the 'Queen's Wake;'

— Where *Minstrels* play'd on every side,  
Vain of their art, and for the mastery vied.

DRYDEN.

NOTE 38, page 212.

*And brought a Burns in his right hand.*

Captain (now Major) James Glencairn Burns, son of the poet, who was then on a visit to his friends, after a residence of twenty years in India.

NOTE 39, page 212.

*James Dobie gave that quill to me.*

James Dobie, Esq. of Crummock, Ayrshire, author of a 'Vindication of the Crawford Peerage,' &c.

NOTE 40, page 216.

*Charged with 'Juvenalis rhyme.'*

See 'Sketches of Scottish Character, by Juvenalis Junior,' in Blackwood's Magazine, vol. viii. &c., written by Professor Gillespie of St Andrews.

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NOTE 41, page 216.

*In 'Twelfth of August' read my lays.*

Allusion is here made to a poem by Professor Gillespie, entitled '*Sanctandrews*,' inserted in Blackwood's Magazine for Sept. 1819, in 'The true and authentic Account of the Twelfth of August,' under the heading 'The Tent.'

NOTE 42, page 227.

*That 'terms, tho' apt'—(reverse o' sin!)*  
*Are 'coy, and difficult to win.'*

There is a pleasure in poetic pains  
That only poets know. The shifts and turns,  
Th' expedients and inventions, multiform,  
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms  
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win.

COWPER's *Task*, Book 2.

NOTE 43, page 228.

*Yet, with the Unité's assistance,*  
*I've seen Parnassus at a distance.*

The Author served from May 1805 to October 1809, in H. M. ship *Unité*, during which time he visited Constantinople, and most of the remarkable places in the Mediterranean.

NOTE 44, page 229.

*That music's charms 'can soften rocks,'*  
*'And bend,' like twigs, 'the knotted oaks.'*

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.

CONGREVE.

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NOTE 45, page 229.

*This is a fact we wad hae notit,  
Though Milton's sel' had never wrote it.*

— eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.  
*Paradise Lost.*

NOTE 46, page 236.

*Where were ye, Lampie, when Lysander  
To Melos came?—*

The Island of Melos (now called Milo), was originally peopled by a Lacedæmonian colony, 1116 years before the Christian era. For this reason, the inhabitants refused to join the rest of the islands and the Athenians against the Peloponnesians. The refusal was severely punished. The Athenians took Melos, and put to the sword all such as were able to bear arms. The women and children were made slaves, and the island left desolate.—LEMPRIERE'S *Class. Dict.*

NOTE 47, page 236.

*Clad in a cotton fustanella.*

The modern Greek tunic.—On my asking Georges, the Greek purveyor for the British fleet, how much cotton cloth he had in his fustanella, he answered, '*Just thirty yards.*'

NOTE 48, page 237.

*The sparrow and the unwilling slave,  
Pass'd with the victor o'er the wave.*

The sparrow is only found near the habitations of man.

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## GLOSSARY.

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*Afore*, before.  
*Aiblins*, perhaps.  
*Ait-cakes*, cakes made of oat-meal.  
*Aizle*, a hot ember.  
*Als*, as.  
*Amacist*, almost.  
*Ance*, once.  
*Anes*, ones.  
*Aumos*, alms.  
*Ava*, at all.  
*Awa*, away.  
*Awesome*, appalling, awful, exciting terror.  
*Ayont*, beyond.  
  
*Baff*, to beat, to strike.  
*Bairn*, a child.  
*Ban*, to use irreverent expressions.  
*Bap*, a roll.  
*Barkynt hoast*, a dry hard cough.  
*Barley-bree*, the essence of barley, whether fermented or distilled.  
*Barlikhood*, a fit of passion or ill-humour.  
*Barrow-tram*, stave of a handbarrow.  
*Baudrons*, a cat.  
*Baum*, to scent, to perfume.  
*Bawbee*, a halfpenny.  
*Baxter*, a baker.  
*Bedeem*, quickly, immediately.

*Beek*, to bask.  
*Beet*, to help, to supply, to add fuel.  
*Ben*, the inner apartment of a house.  
*Bicker*, a wooden dish; to run rapidly; to throw stones.  
*Big*, to build.  
*Birkie*, a lively young fellow.  
*Birl*, to club money to procure drink.  
*Birr*, force; flying swiftly with a noise.  
*Bittle*, a beetle or heavy mallet.  
*Bizzin*, hissing.  
*Blairin*, sounding loud and shrill.  
*Blatter*, a rattling noise.  
*Blaud*, to strike or drive with violence; a large piece of any thing.  
*Bleeze*, to flame; *bleezin*, flaming.  
*Blether*, nonsense.  
*Blin*, to cease, to desist.  
*Blink*, to shine for a moment; *blinkit*, shone.  
*Bod*, a person of small size.  
*Bonnie*, handsome, beautiful.  
*Brae*, an acclivity, the bank of a river.  
*Braid*, broad.  
*Braird*, to germinate.  
*Brak*, broke.

# GLOSSARY.

*Brashie*, stormy.  
*Bree*, the eye-brow.  
*Breeshling*, hurrying.  
*Brownie*, a kind of familiar spirit.  
*Brund*, to emit sparks as a flint does when struck.  
*Bumbee*, a humble bee.  
*Bun*, a cake baked with fruit and spices.  
*Burd-alane*, solitary, to sit by one's self.  
*Butter-bakes*, biscuits baked with butter.  
*But*, often used for *without*.  
*Byke*, a bee-hive.

*Cannie*, dexterous, gentle, safe.  
*Carle*, an old man.  
*Carlins*, an old woman.  
*Cat'er*, con. for caterer.  
*Cauldrife*, indifferent.  
*Cauler*, cool, fresh.  
*Chancy*, lucky.  
*Chanter*, drone of a bagpipe.  
*Chap*, to strike.  
*Chiel* or *Chield*, a fellow, used either in a good or a bad sense.  
*Chimla* or *Chimlay*, used in Scotland to denote the fireplace, often in contradistinction to the word *lum*, more properly the chimney.  
*Claes*, clothes.  
*Clarkit*, wrote.  
*Cleeding*, clothing.  
*Clour*, to dint, to make an impression.  
*Clud*, a cloud.

*Cob*, to chastise; cant word.  
*Coble*, a fishing punt.  
*Cog*, a wooden dish.  
*Cosie*, snug.  
*Crack*, to talk familiarly.  
*Crambo-clink*, rhymes, doggerel verses.  
*Cranreuch*, hoar-frost.  
*Craw*, to crow; a rook; the stomach.  
*Croon*, to purr as a cat.  
*Cruisie*, a lamp.  
*Cwist*, did cast.  
*Cushat*, the wood pigeon.  
*Cuttie*, short, a short horn-spoon.

*Dafta*, merriment.  
*Daunder*, to saunter, to roam.  
*Daur*, to dare.  
*Deein*, dying.  
*Derned*, hid.  
*Ding*, to subdue, to overcome.  
*Dink*, neat, lady-like.  
*Doit*, a small copper coin formerly used in Scotland.  
*Donnart*, stupified.  
*Donocht-head*, Dunnet-head, a cape in the north of Scotland.  
*Dool*, grief, sorrow.  
*Douf*, melancholy.  
*Dour*, sullen, stubborn.  
*Dowie*, dull, worn with grief.  
*Downa*, to want the inclination to do a thing.  
*Dree*, to suffer, to endure.  
*Drieck*, tedious.  
*Dub*, a small puddle.  
*Dwine*, to pine.

# GLOSSARY.

*Eident*, diligent.

*Eild*, old age.

*Eithly*, easily.

*Ettele*, to make an attempt.

*Fair fa*, well betide; an expression of one's good wishes.

*Fash*, trouble, care; to trouble.

*Fauld*, to fold.

*Faut*, fault.

*Featly*, neatly.

*Fechtin*, fighting.

*Feckfow*, powerful, possessing bodily activity.

*Fell*; *fell body*, an industrious person.

*Fizz*, to make a hissing noise.

*Fidge fu fain*, to be well pleased.

*Flaffing*, fluttering.

*Fleech*, to supplicate in a flattering manner.

*Flyte*, to chide, to scold.

*Fra*, *frae*, from.

*Gab*, the mouth.

*Gabbit*, loquacious.

*Gaberlunzie*, a mendicant.

*Gae*, to go; *gaun*, going.

*Gamstin*, idle merriment.

*Gangrel*, a beggar.

*Gar*, to force, to compel.

*Gate*, a way, street, road.

*Gaucy*, jolly, portly.

*Gear*, riches, goods of any kind.

*Genty*, neat, elegantly formed.

*Gie*, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given.

*Gif*, *Gin*, if, against.

*Glamour*, magical deception of sight.

*Gleg*, keen, applied to edge-tools; quick of perception.

*Glint*, to glance, to peep; *glintin*, glancing.

*Girnin*, grinning, fretful.

*Gloamin*, twilight.

*Glour*, to stare.

*Gorcock*, the moorcock.

*Gowany*, abounding with daisies.

*Gowk*, the cuckoo; a fool.

*Graith*, accoutrements, dress.

*Graithed*, dressed, equipped.

*Gree*, to agree; *to bear the gree*, to carry off the prize.

*Green*, to long for.

*Greet*, to weep.

*Grit*, intimate.

*Guid e'en*, good evening.

*Guid guide*, an exclamation.

*Gusty*, savoury.

*Haimald*, home-made, domestic.

*Hain*, to spare.

*Hairen-tether*, a tether made of hair.

*Haith*, a petty oath.

*Hawkie*, a cow with a white face.

*Hearkenin*, listening. The wind is said to *hearken* when it pauses between the blasts.

*Hiding-hole*, hiding-place.

*Hie*, high.

*Hirple*, to move slowly and lamely.

# GLOSSARY.

*Hooly*, leisurely, slowly.  
*Houstric*, superfluous clothing.

*Hove*, to rise, to ascend.  
*Howes*, hollows or dells.

*Ingine*, genius.

*Ingle*, the fire; *ingle-side*, the fire-place.

*Jimp*, neat, slender.

*Jink*, moving backwards and forwards.

*Joyeusities*, jollities.

*Kail-brose*, pottage made of oatmeal and the scum of broth.

*Keek*, to look; *keekin*, peeping.

*Kittle*, nice, intricate.

*Knowe*, a small round hillock.

*Lan'*, land.

*Landart*, the country; rustic.

*Langsome*, slow, tedious.

*Lave o't*, the rest of it, the remainder.

*Leal*, loyal, true, faithful.

*Lear*, learning.

*Lee*, a lie; to lie.

*Leeze me!* dear is to me; expressive of strong affection.

*Leif*, leave, dear, beloved.

*Lift*, the sky.

*Lichtly*, to jilt, to slight.

*Lilt*, a ballad, a tune.

*Linkan*, walking quickly.

*Loof*, the palm of the hand; *aff-loof*, unpremeditated.

*Lowe*, a flame.

*Lug*, the ear.

*Luggie*, a wooden dish.

*Lum*, a chimney.

*Lyart*, of a mixed colour, grey.

*Makkar*, a poet.

*Mammie*, dim. of mother.

*Marrow*, an equal; *without a marrow*, matchless.

*Maut*, malt.

*Maw*, to mow; the stomach.

*Maun*, must.

*Menseless*, greedy, insatiable.

*Merry-dancers*, the aurora-borealis.

*Mim-mou'd*, affectedly modest.

*Mind*, to remember.

*Mou*, the mouth.

*Mouse-wabs*, cobwebs.

*Neist*, next.

*Neive*, fist.

*Nocht*, nought.

*Notin*, *notit*, noting, noted.

*Oulie*, oil.

*Out-owre*, over; *by and out-owre*, besides all that.

*Paidle*, to move backward and forward with short steps in water or any liquid substance.

*Painches*, the paunch.

*Paughty*, proud, haughty.

*Pawkie*, cunning, sly.

*Peat-stane*, the projecting corner-stone at the top of a wall of a house.

*Pick and wale*, pick and choice.

*Pipin het*, piping hot.



# GLOSSARY.

*Ploy*, a social frolic.  
*Pock*, a bag.  
*Poust*, bodily strength.  
*Pow*, the head.  
*Prapping*, propping.  
*Prie*, to taste, to kiss.  
*Prief*, proof.  
*Proget*, probed, run through.  
*Pu'*, to pull.  
*Raffin*, merry, hearty.  
*Rushie*, a rush.  
*Reaming*, creaming, frothing.  
*Reeking*, smoking.  
*Rin*, to run.  
*Roun'*, around.  
*Routh*, plenty.  
*Runkled*, wrinkled.  
*Rype*, to poke; *rypet*, poked.  
*Scrift*, to recite from memory.  
*Shame fa't*, shame befall it.  
*Sheep-head kail*, broth made of a sheep's head.  
*Shilpit*, of a sickly colour; weak.  
*Shinty*, a species of golf.  
*Silverceez'd*, silvered.  
*Skaith*, to hurt, to damage.  
*Sklent*, to relate what is untrue.  
*Skreek of morn*, first appearance of the dawn.  
*Skyte*, to fly out hastily.  
*Smeddum*, good sense, sagacity.  
*Smecky*, smoky.  
*Sneck*, the latch of a door.  
*Snell*, *snelly*, sharp, biting.  
*Snool*, a grovelling fellow.  
*Snoore*, to go smoothly.  
*Soft-tack*, a sea phrase for

loaf-bread, as opposed to hard biscuit.  
*Sonsie*, jolly, comely.  
*Soom*, to swim.  
*Sough*, breath; to con over a tune.  
*Souk*, to suck.  
*Spairge*, to dash or throw about any thing in a soft or liquid state.  
*Spankin*, moving with quickness and elasticity.  
*Speeling*, climbing.  
*Spier*, to ask, to inquire.  
*Splore*, a frolic.  
*Sprachel*, to clamber.  
*Spree*, innocent merriment.  
*Spret*, jointed-leaved rush.  
*Spring*, a tune.  
*Sta'*, stall.  
*Steek*, to shut.  
*Steer*, to stir, to disturb.  
*Stent*, to stretch.  
*Stughie*, what distends the stomach very much.  
*Sub*, a contraction of subaltern.  
*Swats*, new ale, malt liquor.  
*Swirl*, whirling motion.  
*Syne*, then, since, ago.  
*Tappit hen*, the Scotch quart or English half gallon.  
*Tato-broo*, potato-soup.  
*Tent*, attention, to observe.  
*Theekit*, thatched.  
*Thole*, to bear.  
*Thought*, 'a wee thought,' a very little.  
*Thrang*, throng.  
*Thrawart*, perverse.

GLOSSARY.

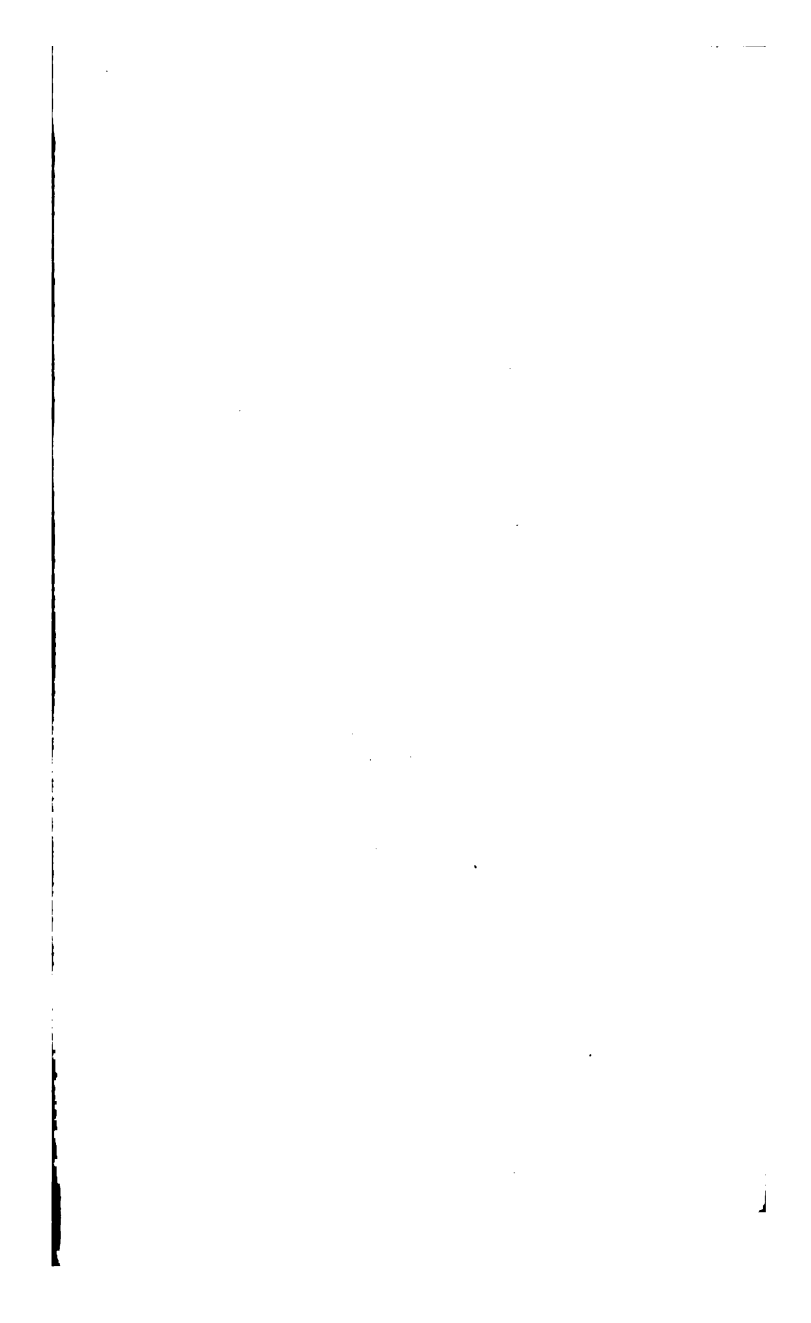
*Througaun*, active.  
*Thud*, forcible impression  
made by the wind.  
*Thumpet*, beat.  
*Tift*, good order.  
*Tint*, lost.  
*Tirl*, to produce a tremulous  
sound by slightly touch-  
ing.  
*Toam*, a fishing line.  
*Toom*, empty.  
*Tout*, to drink.  
*Tout!* tut.  
*Toutit*, sounded.  
*Tove*, to talk familiarly and  
cheerfully.  
*Towsie*, disordered.  
*Trig*, neat, handsome.  
*Twa-three*, two or three.  
  
*Unco*, very.  
  
*Wad*, would.  
*Wadna*, would not.  
*Waes my craws!* woes my  
heart!  
*Waff*, wave, a slight stroke  
from any soft body.  
*Wanwordy*, worthless.

*Wap*, a smart stroke.  
*Ware*, to expend, to bestow.  
*Wat*, wet.  
*Waukrife*, wakeful.  
*Wean*, a child.  
*Wechtie-wain*, heavy laden  
waggon.  
*Wee*, little, small.  
*Weir*, war; *weirlike*, warlike.  
*Weird*, fate.  
*Welth*, abundance.  
*Whaap*, curlew.  
*Wha, wham*, who, whom.  
*Whir*, to emit such a sound  
as that of a partridge when  
it takes flight.  
*Whyles*, sometimes.  
*Wimpler*, a ringlet.  
*Wimplin*, meandering.  
*Winnocks*, windows.  
*Wow!* expressive of won-  
der.  
*Wreath*, drifted snow.  
*Wyte*, to blame.  
  
*Yerkin*, keenly engaged; ap-  
plied to the mind.  
*Yett*, gate.  
*Yont*, beyond.

ERRATUM.—Page 18, line 12 from top, for *the lurch* read to *lurch*.

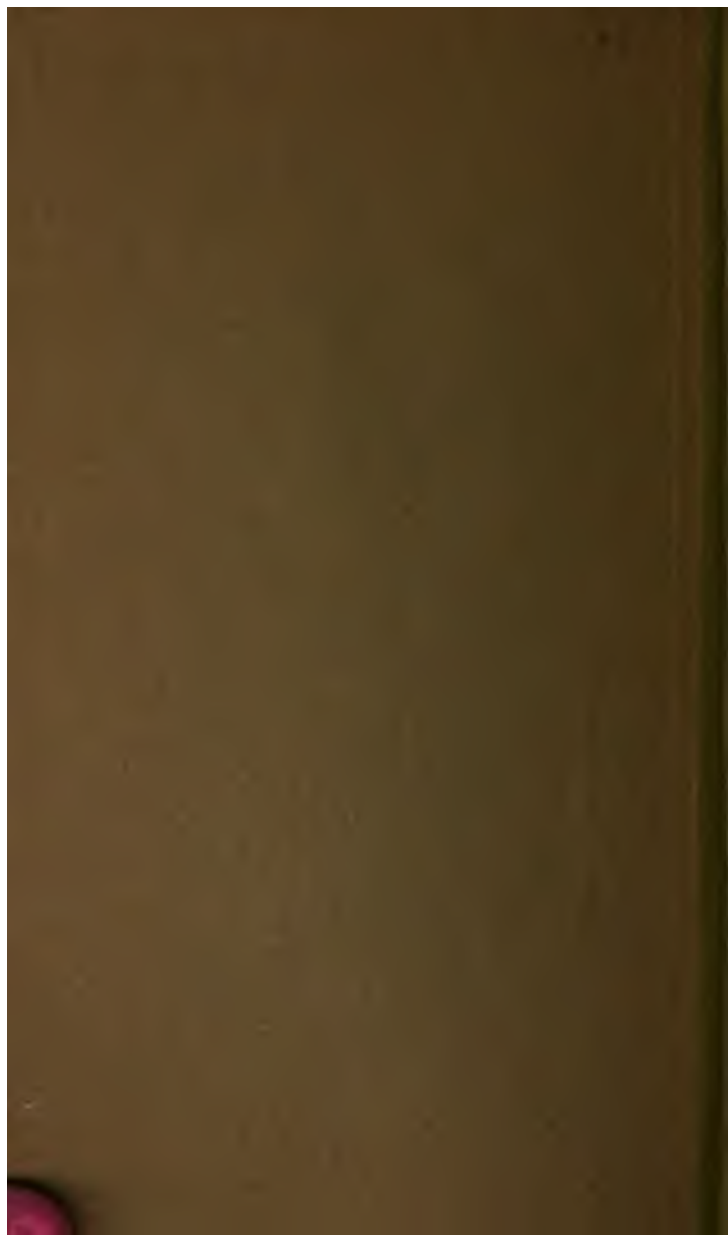
THE END.

PRINTED BY NEILL AND CO., OLD FISHMARKET EDINBURGH.









FEB 26 1935

